The Presidency
April 18, 1968 35¢

A NEW MONETARY SYSTEM?

THE REPORTER

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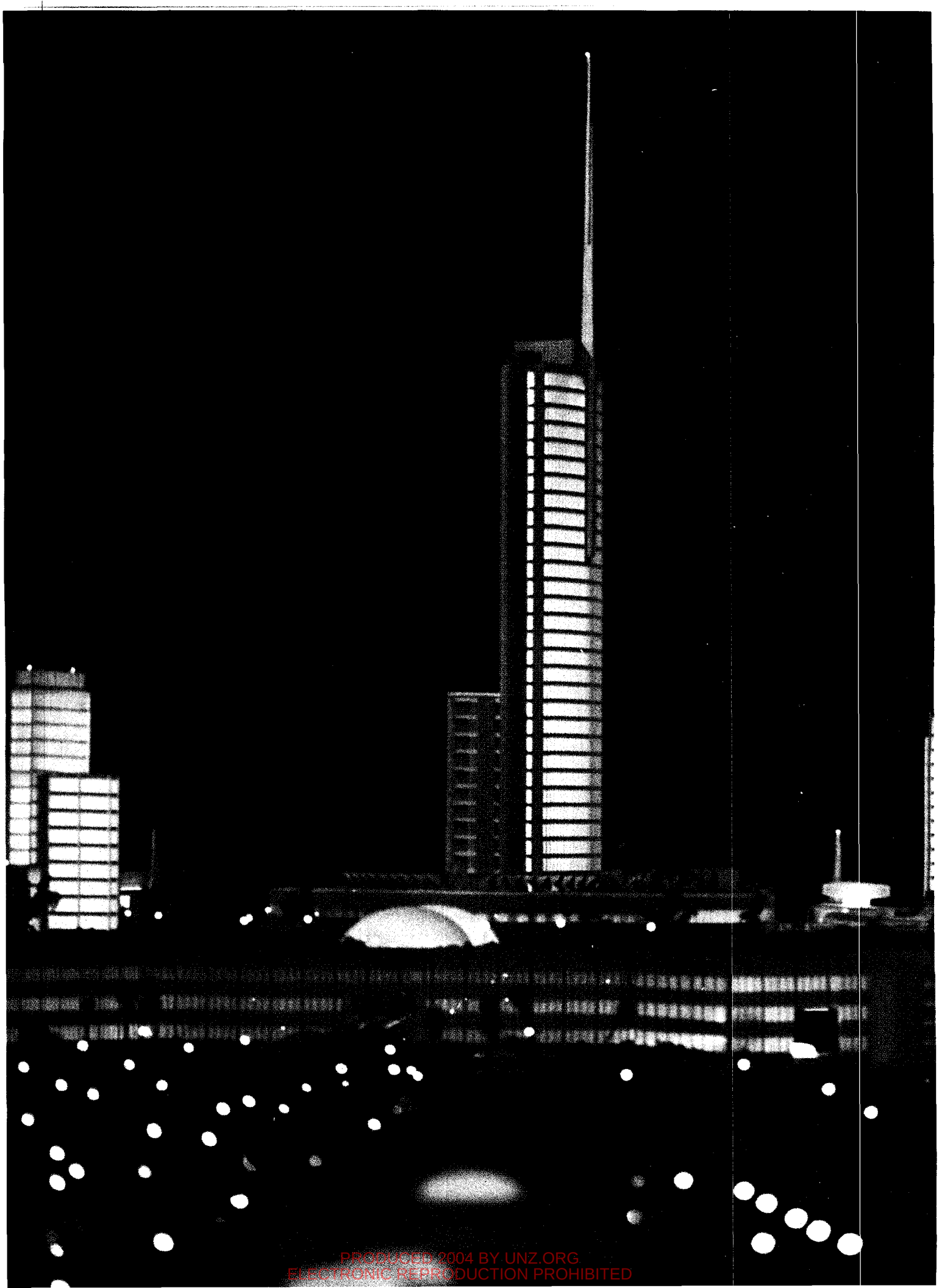

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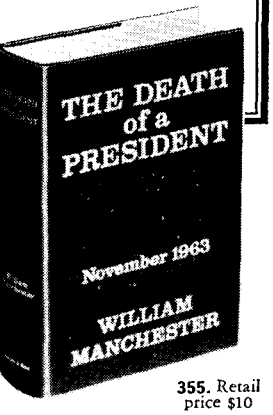

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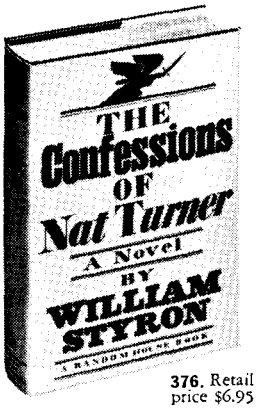

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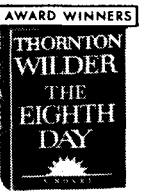

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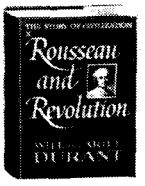

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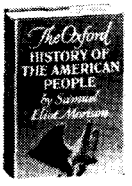

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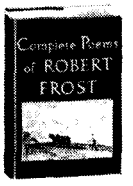

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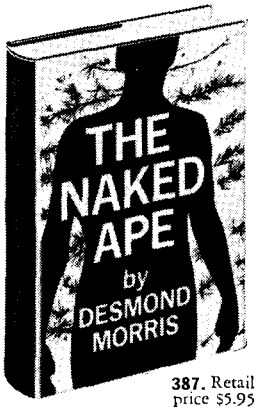

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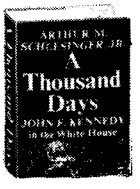

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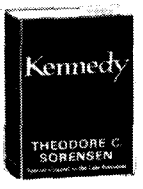

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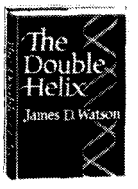

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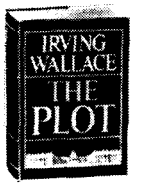

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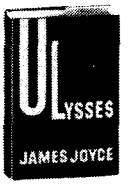

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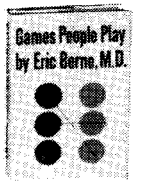

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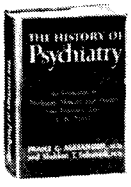

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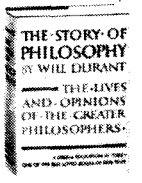

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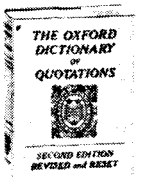

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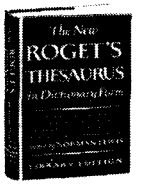

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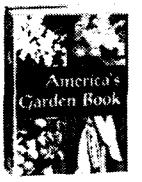

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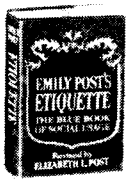

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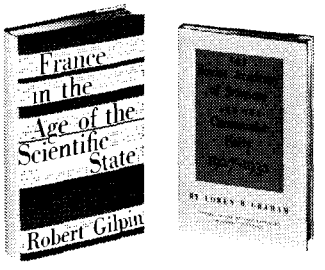
France and the brain drain—

Russia and the brain pool—



FRANCE IN THE AGE OF THE SCIENTIFIC STATE
By Robert Gilpin, Jr.

The author of *American Scientists and Nuclear Weapons Policy* examines France's leadership in the battle against United States and Russian scientific hegemony in Europe. He warns that if Europe remains disunited in its administration of scientific policy and continues to be "the main world importer of discoveries and exporter of brains," it may become steadily weaker in international affairs. *Published for the Center of International Studies, Princeton University.* $12.50

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PRESIDENT's declaration on March 31 gave him back that "consensus" which he seemed to have lost, but what is the price that the nation will pay for such a wondrous Presidential achievement? Will Lyndon Johnson, in the 295 days from the date of his speech to the inauguration of his successor, achieve the multiple aims he has set for himself: peace at home, peace abroad, restoration of international credit, etc.? That is the question **Max Ascoli** asks in his editorial.

SOON AFTER he took over as Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara plunged into a reorganization of the services and their weapons development that brought into everyday language such indigestible locutions as "systems analysis" and "cost effectiveness." McNamara became typed in the public mind as a cold, computerized efficiency expert. He made many enemies among the Pentagon brass and in Congress, but had strong backing from two Presidents. Now that he has gone, his military critics are becoming more outspoken in blaming him for actually weakening our defenses and for the policy of gradualism in Vietnam which they feel has prolonged the war. **Hanson W. Baldwin,** the Pulitzer Prize winner who recently retired as military editor of the New York *Times,* reviews this military assessment of McNamara's record. . . . After a slow start, the administration is beginning to mount a program of education, training, and job placement for the veterans who are leaving the services at a rate of about 67,000 a month. Project Transition is the Pentagon's name for a co-ordinated effort involving several government agencies and private industry which it hopes will reach half a million men for counseling (and a smaller number for training) while they are still in uniform. **John I. Brooks** is Washington correspondent of the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot.* . . . **Erik Amfitheatrof,** a Tokyo-based *Time-Life* correspondent, went to Korea to report on the mood and the men of the forgotten front below the 38th parallel.

THE FAVORABLE RESPONSE of the financial community is a good indication of the success scored by the international monetary experts in their efforts to lessen world dependency on gold. A crisis of major proportions that threatened in mid-March has been averted by the first steps taken in Stockholm toward a new monetary system based on "paper gold." **C. Fred Bergsten,** formerly assistant chief of the International Payments Division of the State Department and now a visiting fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, explains what happened and what it means for the future. . . . Despite the crisis in our cities, many major metropolitan daily newspapers spend more time and space covering events abroad or in suburbia than they do on their own back yard, **Martin Nolan** observes. . . . The Mexican Revolution, now comfortably middle-aged, has led that country on a course of planned development that has given it both a modern outlook and a strong sense of national identity. This despite the nearness of the "Colossus of the North" across the Rio Grande. **Gladys Delmas,** who covers Latin America from her home base in Mexico City, discusses the advantages and disadvantages for Mexico of being our close neighbor. . . . **Russ Braley,** a foreign correspondent for the New York *Daily News,* reports on the scene at Eilat as Israel prepares to celebrate its twentieth anniversary in May.

Sarel Eimerl has been attending the remarkably ambitious repertoire of the American Conservatory Theatre in his adopted city of San Francisco, and meditating darkly about the future of theatre in general. As usual, he will presumably make some enemies. . . . **Richard Moore** lives in Marblehead, Massachusetts. . . . **Jonathan Kapstein** is a wire-service editor in New York, currently at Columbia University as a Ford Foundation Fellow in international affairs. The book he discusses, which has gone virtually unreviewed elsewhere, is the first winner of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Award. . . . Among **Gordon A. Craig's** many books are *From Bismarck to Adenauer: Aspects of German Statecraft* (Johns Hopkins hardcover, Harper paperback), *Politics of the Prussian Army: 1640-1945* (Oxford paperback), and *War, Politics, and Diplomacy: Selected Essays* (Praeger). Mr. Craig teaches at Stanford University. . . . **Derek Morgan** is a member of our staff.

Our cover is by **John R. McDermott.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

SYRACUSE

To the Editor: Lawrence Davis's story of the Syracuse anti-poverty agency ("Syracuse: What Happens When the Poor Take Over," *The Reporter*, March 21) is a good example of what happens when *any* group takes over a program that encompasses a wide segment of society. Unfortunately, the title suggests that the program failed because it was the *poor* who took over. Actually, the entire history of our local governments and our welfare agencies is an example of failure to eliminate poverty when *they* had exclusive dominance. Isn't the real point that in a democracy people must work together, rather than that the poor must inevitably fail?

Remember that it is easier to find money for a building or playground (for the poor to ignore) than to build an imaginative program whereby the poor themselves take steps to become part of the mainstream of America. These ventures often fail—as do ordinary business ventures. Once I was able to learn detailed experiences of some community programs, I became sad that many newspapers prefer decrying failures to chronicling the day-to-day progress of some group of poor people gradually developing a useful and respected role in their community. That is why I wish to emphasize the proper moral of your well-written article, which may have been obscured by its title.

PETER H. GREENE
Chicago

SEATTLE

To the Editor: Bruce K. Chapman's article "Seattle Fights Complacency" (*The Reporter*, March 21) shows a great deal of work and considerable insight into the Seattle situation. The Forward Thrust effort did show that a co-ordinated attack on all fronts of the urban crisis is a valid strategy. On a per capita basis, a record authorization of local expenditure was accomplished and in many respects an unprecedented effort in locally sparked civic development was mounted.

JAMES R. ELLIS
Seattle

To the Editor: Bruce Chapman's article was the best short summary of the Forward Thrust movement I have seen. Both you and Mr. Chapman are to be commended.

SLADE GORTON
House of Representatives
Olympia, Washington

THE DATA BANK

To the Editor: I am surprised to see that you have joined the hasty consensus against the proposed Federal data bank, the thesis of which seems to be, as you put it, "that the most effective shield for personal privacy is bureau-

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The amazing story of one of Rembrandt's greatest masterpieces – its true beauty revealed at last after years "in disguise!"

Even while its real magnificence was hidden beneath a muddy coat of varnish, it commanded $480,000 at an auction. But after a celebrated expert patiently revealed its original beauty, The Cleveland Museum of Art purchased "Old Man Praying" for an even larger sum they refused to disclose!

An amazing event has taken place in the art world. A long-neglected masterpiece has been restored to its original glory and is attracting crowds of enthralled visitors at The Cleveland Museum of Art. Behind this event lies a fascinating story.

In the 1800's, it became the fashion among art collectors to have thick coats of varnish applied to the paintings of the old masters. It was felt that this gave these paintings a "mellow" appearance appropriate to their importance.

More often than not, however, the coat of varnish, instead of improving the picture, actually disguised its beauty beneath a layer of muddy goo. As a result, generations of museum-goers came to think of many of these art works as dull," lacking in exciting color and brushwork.

This was the fate of the glorious "Old Man Praying" painted by the immortal Rembrandt van Rijn in 1661. Covered years ago with a stout coat of varnish, its real magnificence was not fully recognized, even by art authorities.

Nonetheless, this picture was regarded as so important that it commanded about $480,000 when it was auctioned at the famous Sotheby's of London in 1964. It was then that the new owner commissioned one of the world's most celebrated restorers of paintings to clean this work.

The real painting revealed at last

Patiently, inch by inch, the dulling coat of varnish was removed...without disturbing Rembrandt's pigments or the glazes and "scumbles" his brush had placed on the canvas more than three centuries ago. And what was finally revealed, in all its glory, was almost a new painting!

At last, the world could see "Old Man Praying" almost as Rembrandt himself saw it. Every touch of the master's hand had become clearly visible, from the marvelously kneaded pigments that create the strength of the hands, to the startlingly "abstract" planes of color in the old man's robe.

On May 15, 1967, The Cleveland Museum of Art announced that it had purchased the restored "Old Man Praying." Said the director, "It was the classic late Rembrandt that we had been looking for." And although it was the Museum's policy not to reveal purchase prices, he admitted it would be fair to assume that the Museum had paid even more than the 1964 auction price of $480,000.

Placed on view to the public, the painting at once became a major attraction. Thousands of visitors flocked to the Museum to view this old master...its brilliant colors and exquisite brushwork "rescued" from decades of obscurity.

In order to permit even more widespread enjoyment of this masterpiece, the Museum decided to have it reproduced. To accomplish this important task, they sought out one of the finest printers in the country. The result is in itself a masterpiece of the lithographer's art...a superb 19-by 24-inch, full-color reproduction printed on hand-fed 1-square-foot sheets of heavyweight matte-finish paper, suitable for framing.

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Old Man Praying

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THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART
LEONARD C. HANNA, JR., BEQUEST

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cratic inefficiency" ("The Reporter's Notes," March 21).

I believe, on the contrary, that our best protection lies in greater efficiency.

At present, any bureau can collect any data it wishes, and these are available to anyone who knows his way around Washington. As we have learned through the press, this includes newspaper columnists, spies within Executive departments for Congressional committees, and political candidates who need a little mud to fling at their opponents. Others undoubtedly gain access to these data for God only knows what other unpublicized purposes.

The proposed data bank would require a complete re-examination of the kinds of data the government collects and keeps; if we want it to, this could result in a sharp reduction in the scope of such activities. It would require a series of conscious decisions concerning access to data; if we want it to, this could result in a sharp reduction in such access. It would, in short, force us to develop a comprehensive data policy under the control of Congress.

Equally important, computerization makes data harder for unauthorized persons to get at. Instead of being filed on sheets of paper shuffled by an army of low-paid clerks, they are recorded on magnetic tape accessible to only a relatively few well-paid technicians.

LEE LEVITT
New York

MIXED REACTIONS

To the Editor: I have been a subscriber of your magazine for a number of years and have never read an article more repulsive to me than "Black and White Minstrels," by Andrew M. Greeley in the March 21 issue. Father Greeley goes to great lengths to criticize the motion picture *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.

It was never intended to be a documentary film. It was written for entertainment and entertainment alone, and the public is responding in great fashion because it is just that.

I am a Negro and know of many mixed marriages in this country. I can only conclude that Father Greeley objects to the thought of a black and white marriage and that is at the bottom of his antipathy to the film.

The implications dropped by Father Greeley are sometimes worse than his written words. He would rather have Sidney Poitier keep his toolbox than play the role of a medical doctor. This is just what the Report of the National Advisory Committee on Civil Disorder is all about: that the Negro in his country should be given an opportunity to rise to any position that his capabilities will allow him. In so doing there can be genuine love affairs between persons of different races and there is nothing that any of us can do about it. *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* handles this rather delicate situation with humor and pathos. It gives the very capable Mr. Poitier a different

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type of role to play from the one generally given to Negro actors.

SAMUEL A. WILLIAMS
East Orange, New Jersey

'OF BLACK AND WHITE'

To the Editor: May I take exception to your editorial "Of Black and White," in the March 21 issue. Before doing so, I wish to acclaim the friendly feeling toward Negroes that you so beautifully expressed in an earlier editorial, "To Our Negro Brothers." I called this editorial to the special attention of several of my friends.

"Of Black and White" accuses the Kerner Report of "verbal recklessness of a few key phrases," referring especially to the phrase "white racism," and softens the impact of the Report by calling attention to several important efforts that have been made to "dent the barrier" between whites and blacks. It ties the word "racism" to Hitler's Germany, which was only one extreme manifestation of racism as defined in our dictionaries. If we are to limit the meaning of racism to such megalomaniacal manifestations, we shall have to coin another word to take its place.

Your accent on the positive includes these words: "These ugly potentials demand something beyond better and more humane police preparedness. They demand co-operation on the part of public and private interests in enlisting the participation of the blacks themselves in the improvement of their condition." We have had hundreds of cases of the most sincere co-operation of blacks and whites, with the most effective participation possible by the blacks. Surely we all agree that we can never get too much of this. However, the call for more of the same elicits only pale and ghostly shadows of the gut issues that confront us. The evidence so well documented by the committee calls, as a minimum, for recognition of the full truth, force, and drive of the Kerner Report and for dedication to the application of remedies as drastic at it recommends.

LEE DEVOL
Dayton, Ohio

To the Editor: I find your position, as expressed in the editorial "Of Black and White," quite realistic but yet open-minded. Having read several opinions on the commission's report, it is refreshing to find one author who faces the problem without getting involved in the idealistic notion of morals and race.

The most noteworthy passage I feel was toward the end, where you noted that the groups involved in racial battles are in a minority as compared to their race in general. This gives a ray of hope in the light of those who feel that riots and bigotry are inevitable in the future.

DAVID E. WALD
Department of Criminology
Long Beach State College
Long Beach, California

Ana Maria is always a little hungry

ANA MARIA ANDRADE, SOUTH AMERICAN, AGE 6. Mother dead. Father deserted. Child lives with sick grandmother who also cares for four other grandchildren and baby who boards with her. Total income for 7 people $9.25 per month. Two meager meals a day . . . coffee for breakfast, sometimes bread. Lunch—rice, beans and corn meal. Dinner—none. Never milk or meat. Children always hungry. Live in mud hut on top of hill. One small room. No facilities. No beds. Two mattresses, 2 blankets, 2 sheets—all in poor condition. Used clothing from other poor families. Grandmother grieves for grandchildren she cannot decently care for. Help to Ana Maria means help to entire family.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Martin Luther King

From its earliest beginnings, the challenge to our nation, born out of oppression and won in blood, has been to make one out of many. The drama of our national destiny has ever centered on the struggle between union and separatism, between the ideal of one America and the reality of many and incomparably diverse Americans. This dark side of our condition filled Daniel Webster with foreboding when, in 1830, he envisioned "States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood." Today it has moved President Johnson to warn that "In these times, as in times before, it is true that a house divided against itself by the spirit of faction, of party, of region, of religion, of race, is a house that cannot stand."

Much that we have gained in this country has come as an expression of the ideal of unity; much that still threatens us comes from the unreconciled anarchic will to divide the many from the one, to pervert and separate the inseparable principles of Webster's "Liberty *and* Union, now and forever"

Martin Luther King held fast to the American ideal and, like the greatest Americans in past crises, identified the current form of the ancient evil and fought it for us all. Not enough Americans joined him or were able to see, as he did, the basic nature of the present crisis of the races and the cities. Even in the hour of his martyrdom, some (at opposite extremes but joined on the side of disunity) saw his death as retribution for "dividing" America or as proof that violent separatism is again the only way. Such extremists we will always have with us; America, however, is the middle ground. The majority, one fears, will piously lament Dr. King's death without realizing that the force which struck him down in the middle of his fight is everywhere among us, that it threatens each of us, and that our country is once more in peril.

What can we learn from the death of Martin Luther King? What can those who view the issues, the means, and the ends as he did do beyond mourning? There is, of course, the legislative arena—national, state, and local—where we too often congratulate ourselves on past achievements rather than strive to make our representatives move ahead to give poverty programs, open housing, union democracy, welfare reform, and expanded education, job training, and placement the force of law and the means of success. There is, without doubt, the need to restrain extremism and violence by the just enforcement of public order. And above all, there is the need for more of us, in public and private life, to join the battle for the minds and hearts of our own people—a people more varied than any modern nation has tried to assimilate. We must bear witness in the cause to which Martin Luther King dedicated his life.

Only a few years ago, most Americans saw the issue, then called civil rights, as a problem of the South, and Martin Luther King as the champion of a regional battle. More recently, the Northern cities have been the battlefield, and Dr. King's Northern supporters suddenly found his presence in their midst uncomfortable. Now that he is dead, will we recognize that the battlefield is in every heart and that the issue, vital for every American, is still the preservation of "Liberty *and* Union . . . one and inseparable!"?

Shadow and Substance

The first political casualty of President Johnson's announcement that he had ordered a partial halt in the bombing of North Vietnam and that he would not seek re-election was his own shadow—that dark, distorted, unreal shape which had hovered over the scene for so long, providing an endlessly attractive object of attack and obscuring the true meaning of much that was going on. In this respect, even though the President's opponents were quick to commend him for an act of "magnanimity," they may have had reason to consider it more nearly an act of brutality. For the glare that came when the grotesque shadow had faded was not a particularly flattering light.

By the middle of Lyndon Johnson's term of office, it had apparently become impossible for otherwise clever and perceptive people, whether in politics or in the press, to judge the President or his actions outside the framework of a rigid drama peopled with "hawks" and "doves," good guys ("liberals") and bad guys ("Texans"). Those who joined him were suspect while those who opposed him were given the benefit of every doubt. But the week that began with April Fool's Day lived up to the name.

Probably the single member of President Johnson's administration who was most responsible for working out and advocating his new departure in Vietnam policy was Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, whose appointment last winter had produced an onrush of distressed comment about tired blood, uninspiration, hawkishness, and the end of hope. And if anyone took risks with the chance for a North Vietnamese response to the initiative for which Clifford was so largely responsible, it was Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Arkansas) with his ill-considered declaration that the post-announcement bombing made it plain that we were offering something that Ho Chi Minh could not and should not accept. Chairman Fulbright, who had been briefed on

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the proposal, resisted the White House explanation that had satisfied Senator Mansfield and others and went ahead with his reckless speech—for which he was to beg to be pardoned the following day. Perhaps because the drama had lost its principal heavy, the quality of Fulbright's own performance was suddenly being noticed by his fans—with some displeasure.

The rationale and merit of Senator Kennedy's candidacy also had to be reassessed. At Vanderbilt University and on a tour of California, Senator Kennedy had begun by engaging in some pretty lively *ad hominem* attacks on the President, implying that he was responsible for civil disorder, drug addiction, and other manifestations of national despair. Now he will have to think of something else that is responsible for them and even tell us what it is. And now that he no longer seems to be of a mind to disparage Lyndon Johnson's record on domestic issues, he will also be obliged to explain how he means to improve upon it.

BEFORE the President announced that he would not run again, a bizarre debate appeared to be shaping up: the notion of "style," once considered a superficial matter, was on its way to being favorably compared with what was brushed aside as merely "the record." Now Lyndon Johnson's own "style" and its repugnance to his opponents is no longer a point of much interest—but the record is.

It may even be generally realized one day how much Texans—whose number in the White House and the administration at large had come to be taken as an index of Presidential moroseness and illiberality—had to do with the achievement of that record. Just as it was an unremitting hawk, Secretary Clifford, who propelled the administration toward its new step in Vietnam, so the administration's unprecedented effort to bring the Federal government's weight and resources to bear on righting old racial wrongs was the special and passionate concern of many of its Texans—the former U.S. Attorney, Harold Barefoot Sanders, Jr.; the White House Counsel, Harry C. McPherson; and the At-

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GEORGE C. WALLACE

torney General, Ramsey Clark. What the President himself did was to make unprecedented steps seem run-of-the-mill. It is already hard to remember that until Lyndon Johnson was President it was widely considered too soon for a Negro to be in the cabinet, too soon for a Negro to sit on the Supreme Court, too soon really to push for Federal open-housing legislation.

Report from Prague

"If you're wondering what to believe from Czechoslovakia," a correspondent writes us from Prague, "you might as well believe it all until it proves wrong. It's the most important event in East Europe since Budapest."

The movement that has overturned the hierarchy in Prague started in 1963 with an economic crisis. The Communist régime had to let in westerners with money. The writers, spoiled anyway, got more spoiled in the next few years of continuing cultural thaw. Last June they tried to do away with censorship, travel restrictions, etc. President Antonin Novotny and his chief ideologist, Jiri Hendrych, tried to put the lid back on, but the released pressures were too strong to be repressed again. What happened since is a reaction to that attempted cultural clampdown as much as it is a desperate effort to make the economic reform program work.

Probably what was late in the biggest event happened quietly. February, about the same time as General Jan Sejna defected to the United States to avoid arrest for his role in an abortive pro-Novotny army coup, the Central Committee quietly rescinded the directive to censors which had given them power to control everything ideological. The censors still sit in the press-rooms, still read copy as required by the law on state and military secrets, but their teeth are pulled. The writers seem to think the man most responsible for this was Josef Spacek, who is close to Dubcek and succeeded Hendrych as Central Committee ideologist.

The people at first were very cautious about the new freedom, both skeptical and simply out of the habit of talking politics. What made them less skeptical was the polemics brawl with East Germany in the last week of March. When the Prague government formally protested foreign Communist criticism of its reforms, the population suddenly felt taller.

In the last days of March and early April, coinciding with the naming of General Ludvik Svoboda as President but not because of Svoboda, the atmosphere got downright loose and easy. Hotel desk clerks, salesgirls, and even waiters turned courteous and friendly. The bars filled up and people began to talk. One waiter carefully unfolded a preserved copy of a twenty-year-old newspaper with the death of Jan Masaryk splashed all over it. A few days later the government began a new investigation.

Slovakia lags behind Bohemia in the developments. Few Communists in Slovakia have resigned, and most Slovaks claim to have been liberals all along, held down by Novotny's Czechs. An editor in Bratislava told our correspondent that he is hopeful that reforms achieved so far can be held and extended to Slovakia. He tried to brake some of his optimistic colleagues, saying, "I've already gone through some liberalizations," but in the next breath he said, "Things never have gone this far in any Communist country." And he added: "Cross your fingers for us."

The Prague writer Alexander Kliment was sure the reformers have won and never will retreat a step. "For the first time in twenty years (he's under thirty) I feel like a free citizen. I can say and write what I want," he said. "Yes, I'm an irrepressible optimist. I've got to be, you see. I've got to be." Another writer said that he was exhausted by the fast-moving events. "For five weeks we've been working like real newspapermen."

Too Late—Again

The day before Martin Luther King's assassination the Senate Judiciary Committee rejected an administration proposal that would forbid the sale of firearms by mail and of pistols over-the-counter to out-of-state residents. The best it could do was a tie vote on a measure to prohibit the mail-order sale of hand guns only. Dr. King was killed by a rifle.

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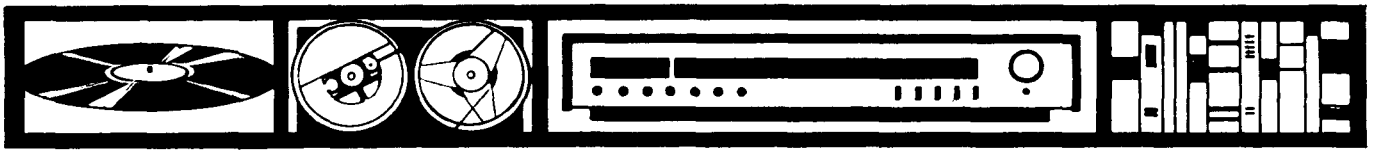

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The Presidency

With what has been generally hailed as his "sacrifice," Lyndon Johnson has exempted himself from the judgment of the electorate. In his address of March 31, he said: "What we won when all of our people united just must not now be lost in suspicion and distrust and selfishness and politics among any of our people." May one ask when it was that all of our people had or lost their unity? How might one have imagined that Lyndon Johnson could consider suspicion, distrust, selfishness, and, of all things, politics as sinful? He continued: "And believing this as I do I have concluded that I should not permit the Presidency to become involved in the partisan divisions that are developing in this political year."

A number of other considerations must have contributed to make Lyndon Johnson reach the conclusion that no President can conduct a war abroad, face major racial disturbances and financial difficulties at home, and run for re-election. All these burdens were more than enough, even for a man of exceptional vigor. However, the Constitution offers to a President still eligible for one more term a proper way out: he can resign.

Had Lyndon Johnson resigned when he made himself unavailable for the nomination, Hubert Humphrey would have become President, and seven months later the electorate could have passed judgment on him. The President decided otherwise, thus remaining the holder of supreme power until the inauguration of his successor, nearly ten months away.

In the March 31 speech there are the indications of the policies our country is going to follow to "de-escalate" the war and restore the economy during the Johnson period of receivership. Sometimes he talks like an imitation prophet: "And there may come a time when South Vietnamese—on both sides—are able to work out a way to settle their own differences by free political choice rather than by war." He continued: "But the United States will never accept a fake solution to this long and arduous struggle and call it peace." A little later: "We think that peace can be based on the Geneva accords of 1954, under political conditions that permit the South Vietnamese—all the South Vietnamese—to chart their course free of any outside domination or interferences, from us or from anyone else."

"On both sides," "all the South Vietnamese": could it be any clearer? The Vietcong, like all Communists, know what use to make of a coalition government. The Czechs knew it twenty years ago, and they have just started to investigate what brought Jan Masaryk to his death.

No wonder the nations of Southeast Asia are apprehensive, and at their recent meeting in Wellington Dean Rusk's power of persuasion was needed to give them some little reassurance. The late Prime Minister of Australia won his last election on the slogan, "All the Way with LBJ." He had confidence in LBJ. So did we. The constituency of an American President is much, much larger than the American electorate. But for those of us who are Americans and who have maintained confidence in the President, sometimes at a rather heavy cost, the sense of having been let down is hard.

That one speech did it. It reawakened a number of doubts which those few who were proud to be his friends managed to repress, and which the grandiloquence of his universal promises kept reviving. For instance, at the time of his Johns Hopkins speech in 1965 he said he was ready for "unconditional discussions," but not with the Vietcong. A few months ago, we goggled when he extracted from General Thieu a declaration of belief in the one man, one vote principle.

Yet, we did not expect that the President would run out on his pledge to the people of South Vietnam, and at the same time run out on the American electorate by proclaiming himself a lame duck.

Perhaps I am showing myself devoid of the sense of humor required when dealing with politics. I had the feeling that something queer was going to follow when, in that speech, the President intoned: "This generation of Americans is willing to pay the price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival, and the success, of liberty."

Hearing that rhetoric once more, followed by the incumbent's declaration that he would not run, I felt that the way was open to dynastic succession. The Buonaparte Kennedys are ready, and they will make the best of the months until the inauguration of the next President. Guess who they expect the next President to be.

But they forget that our country is not yet ruled by a one-party system, and that we still have Hubert Humphrey.

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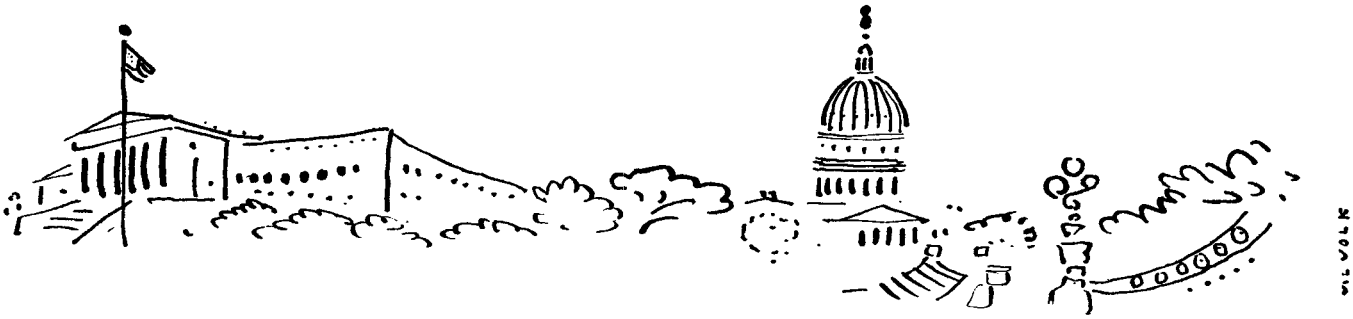

How the Military Rate McNamara's Performance

HANSON W. BALDWIN

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE Robert S. McNamara left office last month shortly before President Johnson's surprise announcement that he would not accept another four years in the White House. These two men have been the principal architects of the U.S. policy of "gradualism" —which is better described as "compromise"—in Vietnam and of U.S. military policies today. But McNamara, beginning as Secretary of Defense under President Kennedy, held the second most powerful position in the world's most powerful government for longer than any other man; today's strengths and weaknesses in our military posture reflect his characteristics and his personality even more than they do President Johnson's.

Relatively speaking, McNamara left the defenses of the United States far weaker than he found them on entering office seven years ago. He supported a much larger defense budget than did his predecessors under President Eisenhower, and he considerably increased the strength and mobility of the Army and strengthened the nation's ability and readiness to wage conventional war. The Vietnam war, however, absorbed all this increased strength, and McNamara's aggressive support of President Johnson's policy in Vietnam—a policy of gradually increasing the pressure on the enemy without mobilization or extraordinary war measures—has resulted in what nearly all military men feel has long been a dangerous strain on the U.S. global military position, a depletion of reserves, scarcity of equipment, shortages of pilots and planes, and a marked reduction in the ability to meet additional needs in Vietnam or crises elsewhere.

Many of the Secretary's judgments about how to conduct the war and about its progress are considered by many of the military to have been faulty, but they recognize that essentially he was loyally carrying out the basic policies of the White House, even though he differed with some of them.

These military men are particularly concerned about the McNamara "hot production line" policy, which had never been tried in any previous war. This policy, geared to the concept of producing somewhat more than the Vietnam war needs but not much more, is intended to prevent the accumulation of vast surpluses of supplies that have followed every other war, and to ease the economic and political transition in the United States from war to peace. When the conflict ends, military production lines will continue to produce for some months or years, on a gradually decelerated schedule, to build up the military inventories around the world that were depleted during the war. As *Armed Forces Management* said in its December, 1967, issue, many military men believe this policy "is only a marginally effective flirtation with disaster . . . ," or, quoting an unnamed general: "This business of trying to fight the war and come out even is a poor way to run a war effort. Either you come out with excesses or come out dead."

The military bitterly point out that the seizure of the naval vessel *Pueblo* by the North Koreans demonstrated the bankruptcy of all these policies: the United States did not have enough strength in the area to react quickly even had we wished to do so.

Where Parity Is Inferiority

Many of the military blame McNamara even more strongly, however, for the marked relative reduction in U.S. strategic power that occurred after he took office. In January, 1961, the United States had an overwhelming strategic nuclear delivery capability vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, chiefly because of the tremendous superiority of the U.S. Strategic Air Command to the Soviet Long Range Air Forces.

The age of operational long-range missiles was just dawning then, but the solid groundwork of programming, development, and initial production had been laid by McNamara's immediate predecessor, Thomas S. Gates, Jr. McNamara discovered quickly that the much-adver-

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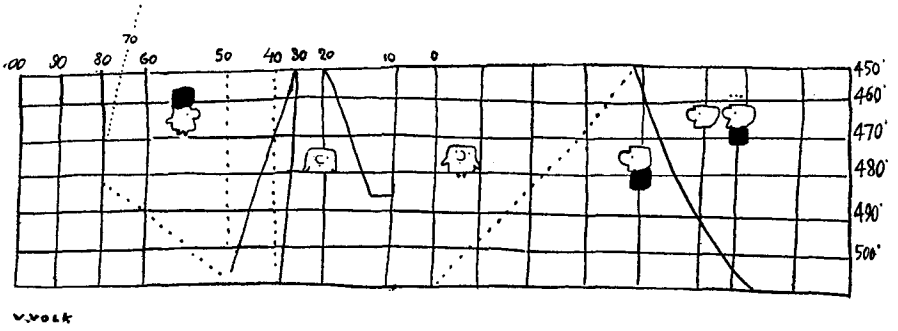
tised missile gap, which had played a part in the 1960 political campaign, did not exist and that the United States was actually well ahead of the Soviet Union in intercontinental ballistic missiles. This lead greatly increased until 1965-1966 as the Kennedy-Johnson-McNamara régime speeded the production of missiles and slightly expanded the missile programs developed under



Eisenhower and Gates. But from 1965 on, despite clear evidence of an increasing Soviet challenge, the Secretary with President Johnson's approval cut back heavily on SAC's capabilities, repeatedly delayed initiation of many new technological developments, and maintained a strategic goal of 1,054 land-based ICBMs and forty-one missile submarines. Recently the Defense Department estimated that the Soviet inventory in operational ICBMs might approximately equal that of the United States by the middle of next year. At the same time the Russians have installed the first functioning anti-ballistic missile sites in the world, and Communist China has tested seven nuclear devices and is developing medium- and long-range missiles, while the United States is still developing an AICBM system.

The concept that strategic parity would be a politically stabilizing rather than destabilizing factor and that technological development had reached a "plateau" with no further "breakthroughs" possible has been prevalent in much civilian thinking in McNamara's Pentagon. But the military are certain that during the last few years the United States has not reacted adequately, via maximum speed of development and more missiles, to the strong Soviet challenge, and that we are in danger of losing our once great advantage of strategic superiority. They hold that the political and psychological consequences of parity or inferiority would be major, and that limited wars such as Vietnam, which have been fought in the past under the umbrella of U.S. strategic superiority, may no longer be possible.

IN THE WORDS of one veteran observer of the Pentagon, McNamara stayed in office too long. Agreed, he jolted a massive Defense Department out of some of its ruts and instituted some beneficial changes. However, as the years went on, he became a prisoner of the very system he had created, built as it was around a one-man centralized control; and his tendency to depend too heavily upon statistical data and rational analyses rather than upon experience and professional judgment in dealing with human beings and with war led to many mistakes.

Moreover, his own personality, characterized by what many military officials and many Congressmen regard as a kind of stubborn intellectual arrogance, tended to freeze his decisions; he became less flexible, less open to other ideas as opposition mounted. He continued to insist, for instance, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that his 1962 decision to compel the Air Force and the Navy to build a single "common" tactical fighter (the TFX, now called the F-111) to meet widely varying needs was sound and economical. Most engineers still agree that this decision was the greatest single technical mistake of the McNamara régime. The premature loss of two Air Force models of the F-111 in Vietnam and a Senate committee's refusal to authorize more funds for the inadequate Navy version confirmed within a few weeks after McNamara's departure the views of his critics.

As Washington observers long in touch with the Pentagon see it, McNamara has several constructive accomplishments to his credit:

¶ He reduced debilitating service rivalries and conflicts, and, in accordance with the principle of the indivisibility of military power, forged the armed forces into more of a team than had been done by any prior Secretary.

¶ He sharply curtailed unnecessary duplication and waste in weapons development and instituted a thoroughgoing system of long-range planning, programming, budgeting, programs studies, and systems analyses.

¶ He emphasized cost factors to a far greater degree than any prior Secretary, and stressed modern computer technology and qualitative and quantitative analyses.

¶ He eliminated, with courageous political backing from President Johnson, unnecessary or obsolescent service posts, stations, and facilities.

¶ He advocated a flexible strategy, capable of fitting the military response to the provocation, and he strengthened the nation's ability to fight conventional or limited wars. Utilizing modern electronics technology and computerized intelligence and supply data, he developed a global command and control system for the armed forces.

The Death of Ideas

McNamara introduced new management tools to the Pentagon. He is, as various admirers and critics have described him, a "cost-effectiveness man," a "walking computer." But his very reforms and successes led to some of his greatest failures, as a great many in Washington see it.

The PPBS he instituted—the Planning-Programming-Budgeting System necessitating a statement of requirements, studies and restudies, justifications and rejustifications—led inevitably, as often happens in bureaucracies, to a slowdown in the Pentagon. The system, geared primarily to a demand for a specific "military requirement," discouraged technological innovation.

Ironically, in the final budget that McNamara submitted to Congress, the alarm about false economies in military research and exploratory development was sounded by Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., director of De-

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fense Research and Engineering and third senior official in the Pentagon. Dr. Foster, in a statement to Congress, warned: "Without question, the next generation of defense capabilities depends entirely upon the breadth and imagination of our basic and applied research now. A lesson reinforced over and over, throughout history . . . is that science and engineering continuously make possible completely new military capabilities."

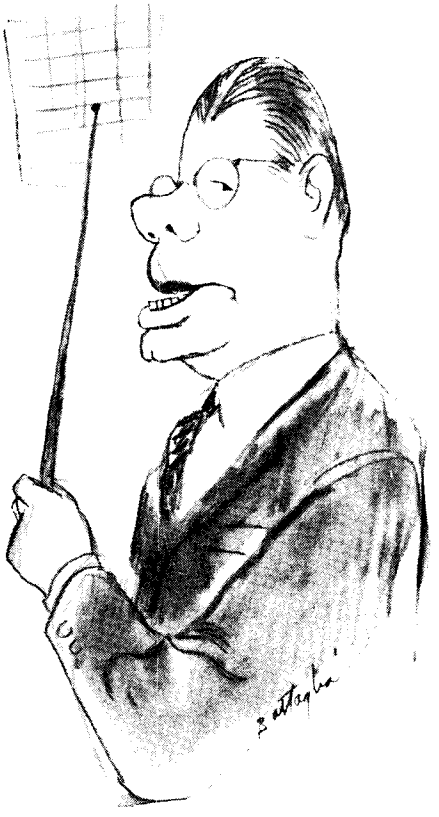
Dr. Foster blamed the penny-wise, pound-foolish policies on "tight budgets" due to the Vietnam war and "Congressional reductions." But the closely centralized system established in the Pentagon of the past seven years has in many cases aborted new ideas or has, as the military magazines have put it, "studied them to death." Dr. Foster said that since 1964 the total research and technology effort has been decreased by a "critical" thirty per cent, and he warned that a continuation of this trend would result in "a serious weakening of our long-term national security position." But that weakening has long been manifest.

By January, 1965, contracts that had required four to five months to execute during 1958-1960 took a minimum of nine to twelve months to complete, some longer. Overstudy and other delays between origin of an idea and completion of an operating weapons system have added so much to the lead time required for production of such a system that today the Soviet Union is often able to put a new weapon in the field before we are.

General William C. Westmoreland, as U.S. commander in Vietnam, has been described by the military as a theatre commander with more responsibility and less authority than any in American history. President Johnson acted as Commander-in-Chief even in matters of minor detail; the alleged failure of U.S. strategy in Vietnam—attributed by much of the press to General Westmoreland—was Washington's failure, for our Vietnam war strategy, from beginning to end, was made in Washington. McNamara, who anticipated and eagerly abetted the wishes of "The Boss," second-guessed every major Vietnam decision and many minor ones.

McNamara did not easily delegate power; he was a detail man, who once boasted that he personally examined every overseas military contract in excess of $100,000. This attempt to exercise such closely held power reduced flexibility rather than increasing it, his critics believe.

THE MCNAMARA REFORMS have not produced a Pentagon that is less expensive, or necessarily more efficient, than its predecessor. The savings that McNamara undoubtedly made have been more than offset by a tremendously swollen superbureaucracy at the level of the office of the Secretary of Defense. When he took office, McNamara insisted



that he would streamline the Department of Defense. At that time, in addition to the Secretary himself, there were some fifteen Presidential appointees of the rank of Assistant Secretary of Defense or higher; there are at least seventeen today. There were eleven Deputy Assistant Secretaries of Defense or their equivalent in 1963; there are at least thirty-five today. By a kind of semantic evasion, the Joint Staff of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, supposedly limited by law to four hundred officers, now has at least four times that number of military and civilian personnel; the extras are grouped as belonging to the "Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

In a recent series of articles, the *Journal of the Armed Forces* analyzed what it called "The Big DoD Build-Up." It pointed out that layer on layer of top-echelon people had been superimposed above the services in the past seven years, that McNamara personally commanded "a work force of 67,000 'headquarters' civilians," and that growth of the civil-service GS-9 to GS-13 group "has been spectacular," from a handful in 1961 to thousands today. A considerable part of these increases is due to the establishment of centralized agencies, such as the Defense Supply Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, and others; but these agencies have consistently grown since their establishment and there has been an increase, rather than a corresponding reduction, in comparable lower-echelon agencies in the separate services. Another part of the increase has been attributed to the need for temporarily increased help because of the Vietnam war, but most of the increases are listed on the rolls as permanent. In any case, the budget of Defense Agencies and the Office of the Secretary of Defense has risen from about $1.1 billion in 1961 to about $4.2 billion today. Civilian payroll costs in the entire department are about $2.3 billion higher annually than when McNamara took office.

Mufti in the Saddle

This tremendous expansion of a civilian bureaucracy in the Pentagon and the development of a tightly centralized system of command and control exercised from the civilian ring of the Pentagon and from the White House have transformed the traditional principle of civilian control of military policy to what has become civilian command.

In the 1965 Dominican crisis, Washington authorities ordered the field commander on the scene to move one tank one block; in Vietnam, not only were the bombing targets approved in detail by Washington but flight plans, armament loads, and other details were con-

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trolled from thousands of miles away. The sailing order given to the skipper of the *Pueblo,* which included the explicit injunction that he was to keep his three .50-caliber guns covered, undoubtedly played some role in the easy capture of the ship by the North Koreans. In short, the military under McNamara were not only told what to do but how to do it.

The military feel that the bad results of the new system were compounded by the fact that McNamara became the principal military adviser to the President. Mr. Johnson, unlike F.D.R., has not, until recently, insisted on close and frequent personal contacts with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and for a long time McNamara transmitted the advice that the Joint Chiefs are required by law to give the President.

The military believe that if McNamara disagreed with their views, their advice was likely to be diluted or countered, in part because of McNamara's force of personality and intellectual capability, in part because of the President's work habits, in part because most of the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff are considered by their military colleagues to be relatively weak men.

McNamara is also blamed by those in close contact with the Pentagon for greatly increasing the "credibility gap." They recognize that basically the Secretary has been carrying out White House policies. But McNamara is blamed for excessive zeal and for rationalization that amounts, they claim, to distortion. They point out that on numerous occasions McNamara declassified intelligence data that supported his position of the moment, while withholding other data that tended to refute it.

McNamara left behind him in the Pentagon some grave weaknesses in our military posture and considerable doubt that the highly centralized one-man system he created can be effectively administered by any other man. He epitomized "loyalty up" to the President, but in the military view he demonstrated little "loyalty down" to his subordinates. Many—though by no means all—of the military respect him, but there is no great sense of loss in the Pentagon.

A Belated Job Program For Vietnam Veterans

JOHN I. BROOKS

A Defense Department survey last year showed that about half of the men who leave the armed services need some sort of help in making the shift from military to civilian life. The assistance they most often require is in preparing for and finding a job. Yet even though the discharge rate from the services is one of the easiest and most reliable statistical projections the government can make, efforts to help veterans in their job hunts are lagging behind the need. It was not until last April—nearly two years after the Southeast Asian buildup began in earnest—that a White House report to Congress on manpower clearly established jobs for veterans as a national goal. And it was not until January of this year that President Johnson, in a message to Congress on veterans' benefits, outlined a broad program for achieving that goal.

Last year about 750,000 men left the services, and this year the total will rise to about 813,000. Thousands of veterans—the exact total is unknown—are now back home and unemployed, but most of the government's programs are either just getting under way or still in the proposal stage. The task ahead is enormous, for the President's plan calls for counseling 500,000 of the men due for discharge; furnishing education, job training, and placement service to those who need it; and trying to reach as many as possible of those who already have returned to civilian life.

There are urgencies on the home front that cry out for a serious approach to the problem of finding jobs for these men. The talent-hungry public sector needs them, and many private firms have openings for them. Those veterans with acute employment handicaps—notably urban Negroes and men who are going home to depressed rural areas —threaten to aggravate some of the administration's knottiest economic problems. In the case of the urban Negro, there is also the haunting fear that his grievances could find violent expression if he isn't given a fair chance to lead a productive life.

A New Transition

In his April, 1967, manpower report, the first to call attention to veterans' job needs, the President spoke of "making military service a path to

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productive careers." He noted that while some servicemen had civilian skills before they reached the induction center and others learned them while in uniform, there remained many whose civilian background and military training fitted them for nothing in the labor market. The President said he had asked Robert S. McNamara, then Secretary of Defense, to see what could be done.

McNamara's response was Project Transition, plans for which had begun a month before the President's message. The framers of the project at the Pentagon quickly decided to draw upon non-Defense agencies and private industry to broaden the program's scope. Frank M. McKernan, a twenty-two-year veteran of the Defense bureaucracy who is the program's director, says that his office merely acts as a catalyst in pulling together the available resources to cope with the employment problem.

The pulling together is by no means complete. The basic elements in Project Transition are counseling, education, vocational training, and placement. The first two phases of the program are fairly well under way, because the military services had men and materials ready to begin counseling and education efforts on short notice.

No such rapid mobilization could take place in the job-training and placement fields. These efforts required a large-scale co-ordination among a number of government agencies and private employers. Pilot programs were conducted during the latter half of 1967 at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and four other installations. Counselors talked to 4,674 men with one to six months' service time remaining—the limits of eligibility for the program. Thirty-eight enrolled in courses leading to eighth-grade certificates, 408 did similar work toward a high-school diploma, 477 entered vocational training, and 391 signed up for academic courses beyond the high-school level. Many of the soldiers interviewed needed no assistance, but a substantial segment of the more than 3,300 who took no training wanted courses that weren't available, McKernan reported.

Some servicemen were counseled and some educational courses were offered at other bases during this initial phase of the program, but the five pilot bases offered the only vocational instruction. Labor Department manpower figures showed widespread needs for industrial electricians, small-appliance repairmen, draftsmen, welders, and computer technicians, so these were the original vocational offerings. Most of the instruction was done on the bases, with courses from the Labor Department prepared under the Manpower Training and Development Act and instructors from both the services and civilian technical institutes near the bases. Where distances were not prohibitive, some men were bussed to the technical schools.

McKernan hopes eventually to have five or six MDTA courses, some of which will be adapted from training programs in private industry, at each of the fifty-nine major Army, Navy, and Marine Corps separation points in the United States. But this will take many months because each of the courses must be approved by two state and two Federal agencies. (The Air Force is a special case because it does not collect men at central points for discharge. It will concentrate on counseling and programmed instruction at 183 installations, and in some cases may send men to be trained at neighboring bases of other services.)

The Pentagon is beginning to get direct support from industry in the form of company-sponsored courses taught on bases. Humble Oil supplemented the pilot program with a course to train service-station managers at Fort Knox. Nineteen soldiers were enrolled in this 240-hour course, and all seventeen who finished were offered jobs.

MEANWHILE, McKernan in January asked the fifty top Defense contractors to consider similar efforts, and nearly all have agreed to establish courses or have indicated active interest. IBM has started equipment-repair instruction at four bases. The Electronics Industry Association is training men at Great Lakes Naval Training Station in television and radio repair, and it hopes to set up programs at twenty other bases. Mobil, Shell, and Sun oil companies are preparing courses following the Humble model, and Humble plans to expand its operation to thirty more bases. Around May 1, General Motors will begin training auto mechanics from among servicemen in the Washington area and the region around Fort Dix, New Jersey. New commitments are coming in to McKernan's office every week, and fifty more major firms are now being asked to take part in the program. At the same time, the AFL-CIO has agreed to support Project Transition. Union leaders now are studying ways of adapting training available under the program to apprenticeships.

Some major firms that are not geared to such training programs are offering job-opportunity information to assist in the counseling program. Smaller companies in the area of each of the major separation points are being solicited by Project Transition officers for job information and training possibilities. McKernan is heartened by the response to date, and he has reason to be optimistic about the outlook for private support. Whatever misgivings there may be about the "military-industrial complex," in the case of Project Transition it is only realistic to observe that the Pentagon's huge procurement budget gives it more leverage with industry than any other Federal agency could have.

Two government agencies already

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are turning to Transition to help fill their manpower needs. The Post Office, which can use up to thirty thousand new workers a year, is conducting classes at forty-one bases. Officials of the General Services Administration are making their needs in each area known to project officers at local bases. Other branches of the government are expected to follow suit in the near future.

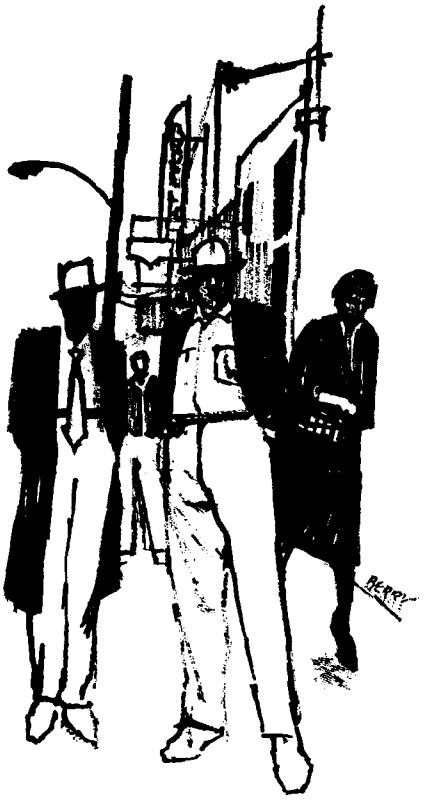
The placement record to date is too limited to be significant. The results of the program will be closely measured, however, because the Defense Department is insisting on a follow-up on every man who takes part in Project Transition. Statistically significant results may be available this summer.

Spotting the Drawbacks

While the outlook for the program seems bright, there are problems. The limitation on eligibility of one to six months' service time remaining is a constraint, and many men return to the United States too close to their discharge date for more than counseling. Many others have too little time left for academic courses or job training. At some discharge centers, thousands of men have left the service with no opportunity to be trained because courses were not yet available. Mobility presents another difficulty, because much of Project Transition's success depends on a man's willingness to go where the job is. The results of past government experiments in shifting workers from areas of high unemployment to more promising places have been discouraging, but McKernan believes that the returning veteran is at "a point of high mobility" in his life because of his recent separation from home and his travels in the service.

Military sponsorship of Transition may have inherent drawbacks. Men who harbor hostilities toward the military may not communicate well with counselors who represent the Defense Department, and some base commanders hard pressed for manpower may be reluctant to release personnel long enough to complete the more time-consuming courses. While the Defense Department can't ignore its need to stimulate re-enlistment, the word from Washington to the counselors is to "think civilian," and base commanders have been asked to be "flexible" about releasing men for training.

The urban Negro presents a special problem. Outlining the new project in a speech last November, Secretary McNamara bluntly stressed the problem of "the Negro veteran who without help might be compelled to drift back into the stagnation of the urban ghetto." While overemphasis of the Negro's plight could amount to a "reverse bias," the shocking Negro unemployment rate in the slums justified considerable attention. McKernan realizes this, and he sees the need for steering a cautious course in guiding the Negro veteran. His counselors are being told to avoid two great dangers: first, sending men back to the ghetto with no job opportunity; and second, encouraging too much movement away from the inner cities. The second and subtler point is based on the theory that many returning Negro servicemen have a potential for needed community



leadership in the neighborhoods from which they came. To strike a balance between aggravation of city unemployment and excessive emigration will be difficult.

Of course the Defense Department can do nothing to help the Negro already released without training, but McKernan and his associates think that the problem ahead may be manageable. One main reason for this view is the fact that Negroes reenlist at a far higher rate than do whites. In 1968 the armed forces expect to discharge only about 41,000 Negroes, even though about twice that number will become eligible for separation. The security and general absence of discrimination in service life appeal to many Negroes, particularly in the Army, where their re-enlistment rate runs about sixty per cent. Some Negro leaders deplore this trend, feeling that the talents of many of these soldiers are needed outside the armed services, but the trend is a fact and it will give counselors in Project Transition more time to deal with the needs of those who do elect to return to civilian life.

To help the Negroes of the cities, particularly those missed by Transition, a special effort has been undertaken by the National Urban League. In each of the eight cities with the highest number of Negroes entering the armed forces, the League has named a staff to devote special attention to veterans' problems. This project is backed with some starting money from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and is the brainchild of Whitney M. Young, Jr., head of the League. The program goes beyond jobs and advises veterans about housing, education, operating a small business, and health. The primary target is employment, however, and Frank Steele, who as national director of veterans' affairs is co-ordinating operations from the League's New York headquarters, considers the response from industry and government generally good so far. Because the League has been in the employment field a long time, its reputation may draw to its offices some of the Negroes who have been discharged while the new government programs were getting under way.

At the Washington office of the Urban League, the local program is headed by Leaford Williams, an intense young man who helped place nearly a hundred men in jobs be-

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tween last October and early April. Williams had a complaint that shows a dark side of the Federal government's efforts. He said that while private firms had been cooperative, he had been able to place only one man on the Federal payroll in Washington. And of course in the District of Columbia, the

government is the biggest supplier of jobs. Williams's experience suggests that the urgency felt by President Johnson about the jobs-for-veterans drive hasn't communicated itself to the slow-moving Civil Service Commission or to other parts of the bureaucracy.

This situation soon may change. Fulfilling a pledge in his January message on veterans, President Johnson recently signed an Executive order directing the Civil Service Commission to waive examination requirements for veterans seeking jobs at the lowest five levels of the Federal pay scale, provided the men take courses under the G.I. Bill. This already has produced predictable lamentations from the government workers' unions, but it is sure to stand. It should serve as a signal to the bureaucracy that the White House will insist on better performance than Williams's experience indicates has been turned in so far.

City Centers

The Civil Service directive is only one of a number of major efforts the President outlined in his message. The new programs are largely the result of recommendations from an interagency task force that was assembled only last fall to tackle the veterans' employment problem. It faced quite a problem: using the Pentagon's own statement that half of the returning servicemen need help and its projection of 813,000 discharges in 1968, it appears that upwards of 400,000 men will be seeking assistance this year.

At the recommendation of the task force, the President announced in his message that Project Transition will be expanded to "reach" 500,000 men during the year ahead. McKernan said this must be interpreted as providing counseling for that number, because training programs probably will be able to accommodate only about 150,000.

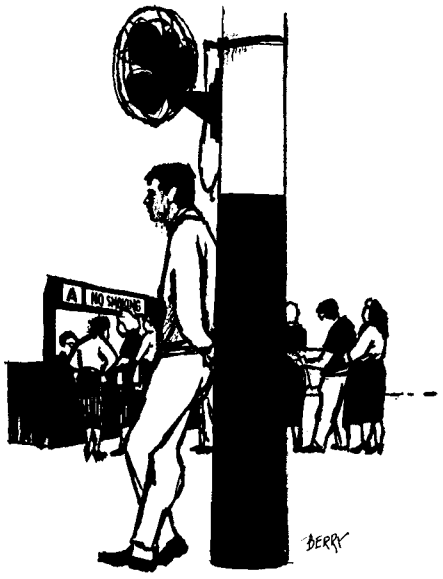
One new action announced by the President should be a help in meeting the problem created by the sizable backlog that has built up during the months when the government programs were taking shape. He ordered establishment of a "one-stop center" in each of twenty major cities to provide the man coming home with personal attention and counsel on all his benefits. This program, coming several months after the similar Urban League project for Negroes, clearly is aimed at men who have slipped past Pentagon and Veterans Affairs counselors without learning how to take advantage of what the law affords them. These centers already are open, with VA officials in charge and representatives from the Labor Department and Civil Service Commission on hand.

Tracing men who have returned home, particularly in the ghettos, can be difficult, and in his message the President reported a program launched last August to help overcome this problem. The addresses of men leaving the service are sent to the Federal-state employment office nearest their homes, and the local office tries to get in touch with each man to offer assistance in his job hunt. More than 300,000 names now have been fed into this system. The Labor Department has no figures to show how many have been reached, but the President said servicemen, parents, and veterans' organizations have praised the results.

One of the new programs, aimed at attracting veterans into public service, requires action by Congress. The President asked $50 million to subsidize the training and starting salaries of men coming out of the services who are willing to become teachers in deprived areas, policemen, firemen, hospital workers, or Federal employees in any one of a number of social-service programs. In a sense this is a major expansion of a program started last November by the Defense Department, under which police officials from several cities have been permitted to recruit men soon to leave active duty.

The public-service proposal, which probably will be approved soon by Congress, is the only one advanced by the President that carries a price tag. White House officials declined to put a cost figure on the total effort for veterans' employment, explaining that in many cases the sums involved cannot be separated from other programs. Most of the costs are small, however, in terms of the Federal budget or even in terms of the $7.3 billion that the administration is seeking for all veterans' programs in the year beginning July 1.

If the cost is not staggering, the scope and variety of the job pro-



grams are tremendous. Indeed, the attack on employment problems of veterans is so broad that it could suffer from fragmentation. Its besetting weakness, however, is more apt to be the government's slow start, and the nation can only hope that this will not induce the kind of ineffectual panic that so often characterizes crash programs.

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The Forgotten Front At the 38th Parallel

ERIK AMFITHEATROF

THE SUN came down quickly over the hills with their light covering of snow, coils of barbed wire, and underbrush. There were no warm lights from farmhouses, no villages. Along their 18.5-mile sector of the Korean Demilitarized Zone, U.S. troops dug in for another night, alert for any suspicious noise from the barren rice paddies. It was a likely night to be hit. There was no moon, only stars in a pitch-black sky.

At Dort, a key outpost overlooking the DMZ to the north and the Imjim River valley to the south, its twenty-three-year-old commander, First Lieutenant Bert Garcia, lay curled up on the floor in a sleeping bag when a nearby watchtower sent up flares. It was 0200 on January 25. The tower was being hit by a squad of about fifteen North Koreans who had crossed the four-thousand-meter-wide DMZ in the early evening. Garcia could hear rounds being fired at the watchtower and see tracers flying over the hill just below Dort. But for the moment there was no assistance he could offer because Dort itself had been attacked on successive nights. He put his men on alert and waited.

A Rough Night

Inside the watchtower Sergeant Jang Hyung Ki, standing at his firing position, could feel the thud of bullets from AK-47 burp guns slam the tower's sandbagged sides. He and his G.I. buddies were firing back, looking for targets. Jang is a "Katusa," the Army's word for a South Korean soldier attached to U.S. forces, and like most Katusas is tough beyond western standards of endurance. The North Koreans wounded him that night with a grenade that bounced off the roof and exploded immediately, ripping his leg with shrapnel. After the tower's medic had given him first aid, Jang struggled back to his position and resumed firing. It was three hours before he could be evacuated.

Eight other watchtowers along the barrier fence also came under fire. But the hardest hit was a foxhole position on the western end of the U.S. line, near Panmunjom. A North Korean squad crept to within fifteen yards of the fence, which is ten feet high, then lobbed grenades over. In that firefight, lasting an hour and a half, two Katusas were killed and eight U.S. soldiers were wounded.

Earlier in the evening, Lieutenant Townsend Clarke, twenty-three, an All-American linebacker at West Point, had gone after a North Korean agent, one of the thirty-one who had infiltrated from the North to assassinate South Korean President Chung Hee Park and was now trying to cross back into North Korea. At around 2030 hours the agent had shot and killed Sergeant Paul W. Martin, twenty-one, when Martin had challenged him. Clarke raced his platoon to a nearby village, a half-dozen farmhouses with thatched roofs and mud walls. When he had pinpointed the house, Clarke sent in Sergeant Glen Jenkins, twenty-five, and an interpreter. The house had been evacuated. Jenkins searched the first room, then the second and the third. They were empty. Finally he kicked open the door of the last room. As Jenkins looked inside, the agent shot him in the hip. Falling on his stomach, Jenkins yelled to his interpreter, "Get out of here, I'm throwing a grenade!" As he pulled the pin and threw it, the North Korean took one of his own grenades and held it against his face. He was found with his face and one hand blown away. Jenkins was wounded again by shrapnel from one of the two grenades, probably his own.

It was a bad night on the DMZ, but not an unusual one. For more than a year there have been firefights almost every night. It has not been a running story in the press until now because the violence in Vietnam has been so overpowering. Casualties in Korea come in single digits. Since October 15, 1966, when the North Koreans began probing the DMZ, which had been almost without incident for thirteen years, twenty-four U.S. soldiers have been killed in firefights and seventy-six wounded; 161 Republic of Korea (ROK) troops have been killed and 260 wounded. More than thirty South Korean civilians and civil police have been killed by terrorists.

AS IN any fighting zone, there have been other casualty figures that the Army doesn't release. Last summer when the North Koreans intensified their attacks, helicopters were flying out the wounded daily and many of those wounds were due to accidents. Men stepped on mines, shot each other in the dark, set off their own grenades, crashed in jeeps. Now the accident rate has tapered off because the 2nd Division, which guards the U.S. sector, has become accustomed to what the Army drily calls "stepped-up operations."

Before the *Pueblo* incident, troops of the 2nd Division were referring to Korea as "the forgotten front." There was little resentment in the term, even though the twelve thousand U.S. soldiers guarding the DMZ got no combat pay, no Korea service ribbon, no time off for rest and relaxation. This winter they were lucky to get three or four overnight passes with no place to go but a few seedy villages. (On April 2 the Pentagon announced that hazardous-duty pay would be given troops serving along the DMZ.)

Korea is still a tough place to serve, particularly in winter. Real temperature, measured in terms of wind chill, drops to thirty-five below zero Fahrenheit. There are dormant minefields just off any road in the DMZ area, where U.S. troops fought the Chinese and North Koreans to a standstill in 1952-1953. The days are exhaustingly long. Patrols move into the DMZ for up to seventy-two hours at a time, living off C rations and their nerves. In the observation posts and watchtowers men draw duty for several days, isolated every night except for radio contact. Even the landscape, with its succession of hill configurations stacked under a

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sky that is almost always perfectly clear, brings on an arctic feeling of loneliness. Though South Korea is one of the most overpopulated countries in the world, in the area near the DMZ it has been barely touched by the hand of man for a generation except in war.

Alone and Apart

Near Panmunjom, where the Military Armistice Commission meets, lie the ruins of what was once part of the world's longest railroad line, Pusan to Paris. The trip took fifteen days if Manchurian bandits did not block the tracks. Today, these ruins are a symbol of South Korea's isolation from the rest of Asia.

The majority of South Koreans do not want to march north at the price of another war. Between 1950 and 1953, one and a half million people were killed in South Korea, and the country was devastated. It is only now recovering fully. Yet neither can South Koreans conceive of a future in which their peninsula remains divided. For 1,300 years Korea was a single nation. For twenty-three years it has been cut apart. And the apartness is more hermetic even than that of the two Germanys. There is no Berlin, no Christmas visits, no telephone or mail service between North and South. There is only the crude dialogue of propaganda broadcasts and occasionally, when the wind is right, red balloons armed with leaflets floating slowly over the DMZ.

North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung, in a speech commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the Korean People's Army on February 8, exhorted his subjects to "further heighten revolutionary vigilance against the aggressive machinations and possible war provocations by the U.S. imperialists." He has been rattling the saber often and loudly. The North Korean senior member at Panmunjom, Major General Pak Chung Kuk, has accused President Johnson of preparing a second front in Korea. At the 262d Military Armistice Commission meeting on February 14, General Pak said the atmosphere made him think Korea was on the "eve of a new war."

Though the North Koreans have a smaller standing army than the ROKs (roughly 400,000 to 600,000), the U.N. Command considers it a tough, well-equipped force. There is a North Korean people's militia of 1.2 million men and women that undergoes weekly combat training. The North Koreans are armed with up-to-date Soviet weapons, and now have the manufacturing capacity to turn out their own small arms. Captured North Korean infiltrators have reported that in their indoctrination, 1970 is the target date for "reunification."

By massing their attack, the North Koreans could probably break the U.S.-ROK line, stretched thin over 155 miles of the DMZ. Unofficial estimates are that the U.S. 2nd and 7th Divisions could hold the terrain north of the Imjim for twenty-four hours, and the flat "bowling alley" north of Seoul for another seventy-two. After that Seoul would again fall to the invading North Koreans, and U.S. and ROK forces, regrouping near the bottom of the peninsula, would again have to fight their way back toward the 38th parallel. But these estimates pointedly ignore one factor: most observers in Seoul believe that the United States would use tactical nuclear bombs if the North Koreans invaded in force.

Poor Relations

Up to the end of last year, U.S.-South Korean relations were considered secure. U.S. officials parroted the opinion that "These ROKs are the best allies we have in the world." Hadn't the South Koreans sent forty-seven thousand troops to fight side by side with us in Vietnam? Now, under pressure, critical areas of resentment are being exposed.

The South Korean government was appalled at Washington's handling of the *Pueblo* incident in comparison with its reaction to the attempted assassination of President Park. It was bad enough that the North Korean would-be assassins had gone through the American sector of the DMZ. But what really offended the ROK government was that their attempt was in effect regarded as a relatively minor truce violation by U.S. diplomats, whereas the seizure of the *Pueblo* was at once decried as an international crime. When the United States agreed to hold secret talks at Panmunjom without South Korean participation, therefore, the ill feeling came out into the open.

There has been a suspicion among U.S. observers in Seoul that the government is fanning this crisis of confidence in order to draw more military aid from the United States. Though 8th Army publications describe the ROK Army as well equipped with modern weapons, this is less than the truth. ROK soldiers carry the old M-1 carbine, no match for North Korean automatic weapons. Their tanks and other hardware are outdated. It is widely rumored in Seoul that the U.N. Command keeps the ROK Army on very short rations of gas and ammunition. This is the easiest way for Washington to make sure that South Korea's generals don't march north on their own initiative, embroiling the United States in a new Korean War. Inevitably, the South Koreans have felt like poor relations.

Before the mission to Seoul by presidential envoy Cyrus Vance in early February, President Johnson asked Congress for an increase in U.S. military aid this year by $100 million to equip South Korea's forces with new American weapons, probably including a squadron of F-4C Phantom jets and twenty-five helicopters.

The South Korean government has also put forward hints that it might withdraw its armed forces from U.N. (and thus United States) command if South Korean officers aren't given more authority. Most key posts in the U.N. Command are filled by U.S. officers, since Washington wants its own finger on the button during critical decisions.

ON A HUMAN LEVEL, the tension is more subtle and more profound. For all their receptiveness to western influence, Koreans cling to a vast heartland of emotional responses that few Americans ever really penetrate. Some Americans do take their shoes off and enter Korean households as guests or friends. Some marry Korean girls. But too often Americans in Korea seem indifferent to the people around them. They may lay down their lives on the hard, yellow soil of Korea, but nothing appears to alter their conviction that they have nothing to learn from Koreans.

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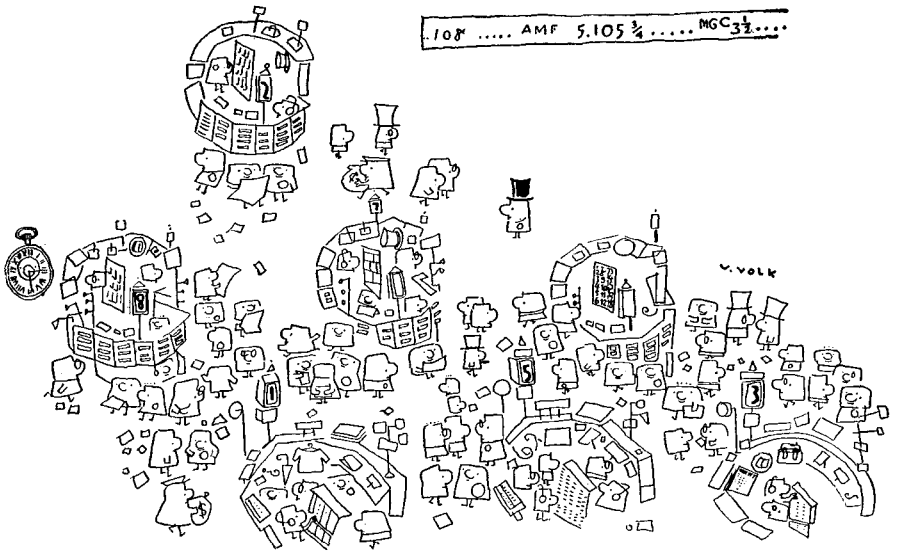

A New Monetary System?

C. FRED BERGSTEN

ON THE IDES OF MARCH, the international monetary system stood at the brink of collapse; by April 1, following the decisions of the central bankers in Washington on March 17, the publication of the British budget on March 19, and the agreement of the Group of Ten in Stockholm on March 30, it had turned to a new order in which gold will no longer be the basis of international exchange.

As of March 15, either gold or dollars convertible into gold constituted the great bulk of present reserves and seemed to many the only source of the increases needed to finance the growing volume of international transactions, with their concomitant increase in potential national balance-of-payments deficits. But at the present levels of production (limited by the fixed price of gold), not enough new metal was reaching the central banks. Moreover, dollar-reserve increases were unwelcome to some because the amount already held by foreign treasuries exceeded the U.S. gold backing for them. And with the growing awareness of this situation and the expectation that it would lead to a rise in the price of gold, private speculation had become so widespread that the monetary authorities were actually losing gold to the free market. At the same time, the 1967 increase in our balance-of-payments deficit and our failure to adopt corrective fiscal measures generated doubts that we would be able to continue converting the dollar into gold at $35 per ounce. Some of the countries holding surpluses that mirror our deficits weren't eager to accept dollars to provide such financing. Thus a continued diminution in the U.S. stock of gold appeared inevitable.

These basic developments had signaled clearly that changes had to come in both the structure of the international monetary system and in U.S. policy. The tension was exacerbated by weakness in the British pound, the world's second most important currency. Another sterling crisis—unlike the managed devaluation of last November—could have set off a wave of currency devaluations and a speculative rush on gold that probably would have resulted in a higher price for gold in terms of all currencies. Thus in mid-March the case for a rise in the gold price, whether forced by events or agreed to by the authorities, looked strong.

In this crisis, the monetary officials of the major nations procrastinated. Reports of differences on the Special Drawing Rights (SDR), the truly international asset planned by the International Monetary Fund to meet the world's future need for increased reserves, raised serious doubts whether the SDR would ever really emerge. The United States appeared unwilling or unable to adopt decisive domestic economic policies. The bland announcement of the central bankers of the seven active members of the gold pool on March 10 that they saw no need for changes in the status quo only confirmed widespread fears. Panic followed and the gold speculators were close to victory—and the President of France was cheering them on.

THE MONETARY authorities of the world then had to choose among three courses. First, they could do nothing, in which case many countries might have retreated to nationalist policies, seeking to convert their dollar reserves into gold, forcing the United States at some point soon to break the gold-dollar link, and opening the gates to unco-ordinated exchange-rate fluctuations and waves of restrictions on international transactions. It was in this sense that the system stood at the brink. Such a breakdown of the system could have swept away rational judgment and jolted the economies of the United States and much of the rest of the world.

Achievement of a co-operative solution was thus of tremendous importance to the world's monetary mechanism. There were only two other choices: to continue basing the system on gold, or to move decisively away from reliance on gold. The former would surely have meant an increase in the gold price. The latter required agreement on an alternative to replace gold. Here the battle was joined.

The case against continued reliance on gold was overwhelmingly strong. The amount flowing into official reserves to meet the need for international money would always be determined by the production and selling policies of the few producing countries and the fluctuation of private demand; gold mining

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Schoolboys of King's College School, Cambridge

Gather memories that will last a lifetime on a fortnight's visit to Britain.

These toppered young gents are dressed for *school*. They are choirboys at King's College Chapel in Cambridge—the noble structure in our photograph. Many people feel that one of the most *moving* experiences of a trip to Britain is to hear these choirboys sing Evensong beneath the traceried vaults of the Chapel.

King's College Chapel was built in 1446, but the oldest Cambridge college is almost 700 years old. The list of Cambridge students reads like an honour roll of western civilisation: Milton, Cromwell, Newton, Wordsworth, Darwin, Harvard.

Other places, other worthies. Hatfield House and Elizabeth the First; Hampton Court Palace and Anne Boleyn; Chartwell and Winston Churchill. Every signpost you drive past seems to recall yet another legendary name. But there's no need to

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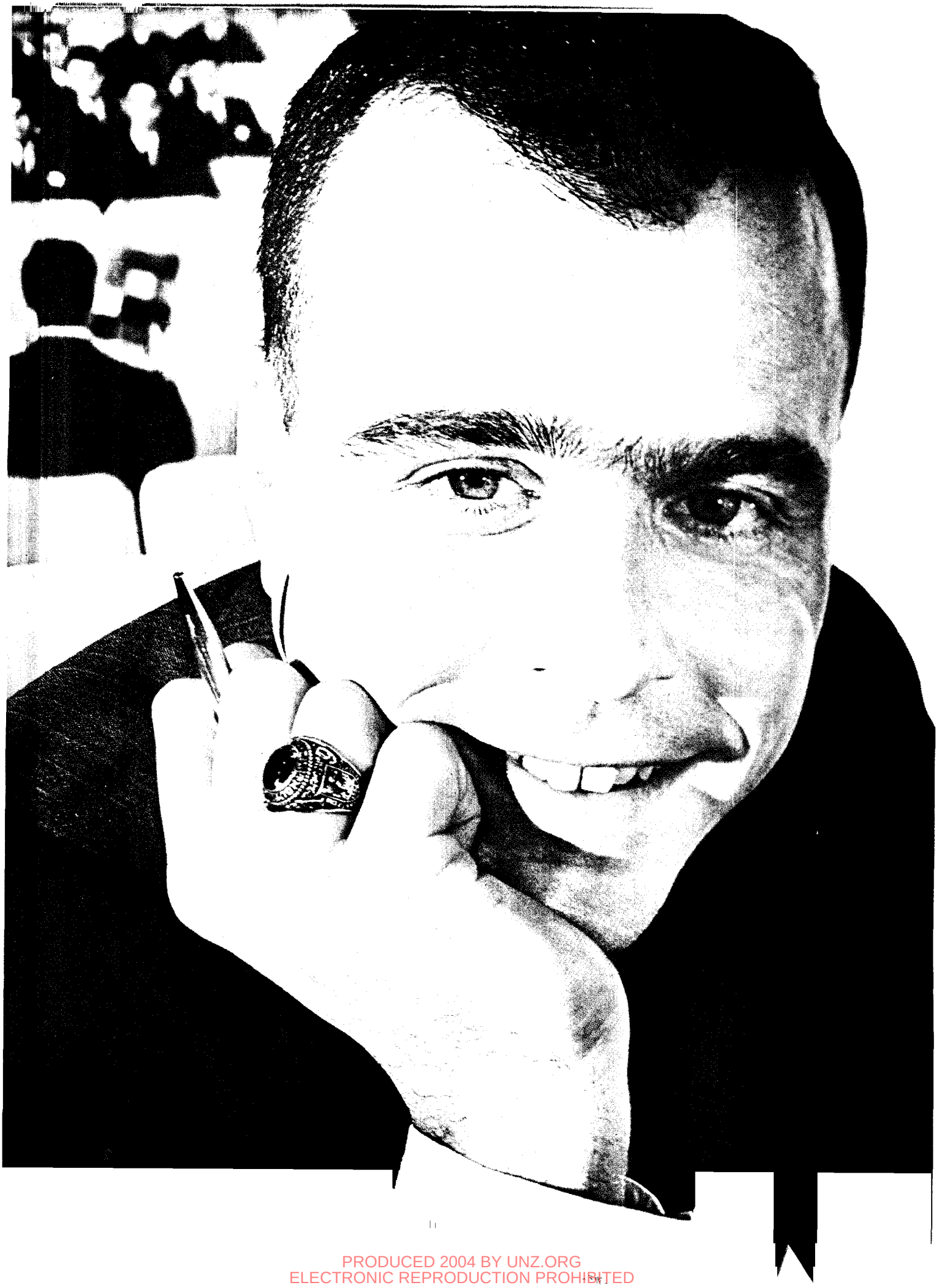

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This man runs a "finishing" school that nobody ever finishes.

Technology in the data processing industry has developed at a remarkable pace. So fast, in fact, that computer salesmen must return to school regularly to keep up.

Bill Kramer runs one of these schools for IBM salesmen in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Says Kramer, "A salesman never really finishes school because the industry just doesn't stand still long enough. He has to know hundreds of pieces of equipment, his own and his competitors', and scores of applications.

"Where computers were used mainly to handle routine things, like payroll, they are now doing such sophisticated jobs as helping to manufacture steel, and keeping track of airline reservations around the world.

"Fifteen years ago, there was only a handful of companies in the industry. Today, there are hundreds.

"In this kind of atmosphere—where many companies must innovate and improve all the time—it takes a lot of training and retraining to help a salesman do the best by his customers. And that's what my job's all about."

From its very beginning less than two decades ago, the data processing industry and its customers have constantly come up with new ways to use computers. Bill Kramer is one of the many men and women in the industry who help bring these advances to more and more people every day.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 189

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
30 136 2 5 116 158 94 The county seat of the Isle of Wight and of Monmouthshire.

B
210 108 144 98 126 "States" in French.

C
124 46 76 16 105 119 14 "Forth_____ on a summer's morn to breathe. . ." Milton, "Paradise Lost."

D
121 96 11 82 132 142 "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her_____ but one." Shakespeare, "King Henry IV, Part II."

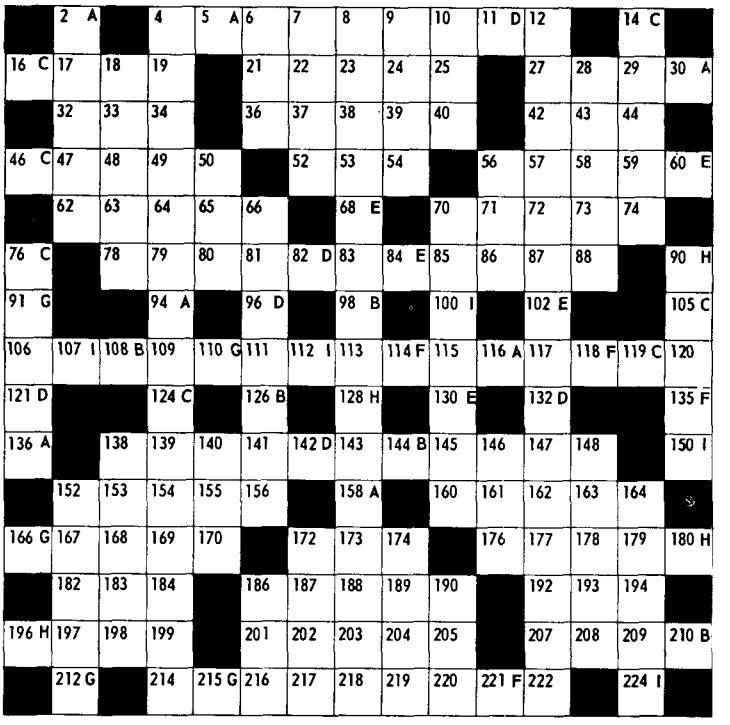
E
68 84 102 130 60 Saturated or sodden.

F
118 114 135 221 'Tis a noun suffix signifying an inflammatory disease.

G
91 166 215 110 212 "Pathfinder of the Seas"; Virginian distinguished in USN and CSN.

H
128 90 196 180 "And how can man die better/Than facing fearful_____ ...?" Macaulay, "Horatius."

I
107 112 224 150 100 ". . .these to their_____were slunk. . ." Milton, "Paradise Lost."



ACROSS

4. Divvy up. Breaks from a partnership (5, 4).
16. Egg on in your gentle way.
21. A kind of strings; it affords protection.
27. Black as another bone.
32. It's a mountain, my friend.
36. Rulers that sought out the stars.
42. A necklace of flowers for the high priest.
46. A kind of ship and its mates.
52. Fin in France and den in England.
56. Prickly pears are found in spy.
62. The beginning of a toast of sheer delight.
70. Just making out with the World War II C-in-C of U.S. Navy.
78. Approving the adoption of coercive measures.
106. Making crossings. Between a distinct part of a country and the sign of the present participle.
138. Alternative conjunctions preceding arranged by precedence. "Soldiers may be graded_____" (3,2,6).
152. A mathematician or a poisonous snake.
160. A kind of chair used by the Danes.
166. A real penny for the tree.
172. Immense as the noose with no little height.
176. Vintages for drinking whenever we sin.
182. The Roman law. In total exception thereto.
186. A dipper the boy and the French.
192. Illiterate Cockney says he does in old Tokyo!
196. Miami's county is not alive but dead.
201. Inner patch for a tubed automotive shoe (1,4).
207. Scots for since? Yes and no without the zero.
214. The finest and looks that way.

DOWN

2. What are the things that make anger?
4. The Greek Old Testament precedes a pace the poetic Far East erases as in "The volumes of the set have_____" (8, 7).
6. A little latitude in visual attitudes.
7. A kind of dixit implying not proved by pies.
8. A way for concentrated traffic. Across it a small company on the railroad I had alternatively. (7, 8).
9. A unit of speech that has meaning by itself; the Gospel.
10. Those in power sin in another way.
12. Assisting (the) most deserving cases. Practicing philanthropy as presented by the New York "Times" at Christmas (7, 8).
14. Leaving no gig for the captain, perhaps.
18. Madrigals usually give plural delight.
28. A man who will begin.
50. Plural 28 of the same name.
56. The instrument in this king of sports.
66. To cut off with small shears but not quite the pair's equivalent.
70. Junior naval officers or national standards.
76. It's miles from this change of facial expression to oozy mud.
90. Get hep with a single numeral (3, 2, or 5).
138. Totted up or add 500 to 196 across.
140. German article that's always red.
146. It takes almost a week to find these gardens.
148. When Dad's in New York, it's just wonderful.
152. Drop five hundred but take all day to appease.
164. Lights of a sort for one in either latitude.
172. The infant must let the graduate live.
174. A small drop in planting lobelia.
186. How the dog may drink, pal.
190. Summer in Paris or the first tee.

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could never assure a supply great enough to enable the world to avoid restrictionist policies and yet sufficiently limited to avoid the risk of inflationary excesses. An increase in the gold price needed to offset the limitations of supply could not be too small or it would encourage expectations of another rise sooner or later, thus encouraging more speculation against all national currencies and producing more crises. And if it were too large it would have considerable inflationary consequences. Also, the distribution of any new liquidity would be worse than arbitrary. Those countries which tried to avoid collapse of the present system by holding dollars instead of converting them into gold would suffer for their co-operation. France, which has done its best to subvert the system, would gain, as would others who have converted dollars into gold—and as would South Africa and the Soviet Union, the world's two biggest gold producers.

From the U.S. standpoint, an increase in the official gold price would have broken the pledges of three Presidents, destroyed faith with dollar holders around the world, and possibly damaged the dollar as an international medium of exchange. If countries and persons holding dollars responded to such a move by converting their holdings into gold even at the higher price, the increase in value of our own gold stock might be nullified, and we would not even have bought much time to correct our payments problem.

Paper Gold

A truly international asset, on the other hand, could be created in amounts deemed necessary by the authorities who must operate the international monetary system and whose nations depend on it for their economic well-being. It could be distributed on a relatively equitable basis. It could be made usable only by monetary authorities and hence be proof against the inevitable gyrations of private demand. No country would lose by virtue of efforts to uphold the present system and no country would gain from efforts to undermine it. And the method for creating such an asset—the Special Drawing Rights, or "paper gold"—had already been devised, with the details virtually completed by the staff of the International Monetary Fund. The choice, therefore, should have been obvious. It was. At Washington seven major financial powers (Great Britain, West Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, and the United States) decided to co-operate and to move decisively away from reliance on gold. In the space of two weeks, they took steps that moved the world economy from the nadir of the gold panic onto a path that many experts believe will endure for generations to come.

Their decision to co-operate was not surprising. Since 1961, they have worked together at the perimeter of the monetary system to prevent its collapse. The only question was the adequacy of their perception of the threat. Their "status quo" response on March 10 was clearly inadequate. But they could hardly have failed to grasp the implications of the rush on gold during the following week. Any uncertainty was erased by de Gaulle when (overruling his own central bank) he decreed that the Paris gold market stay open on March 15, and frenzy ensued.

The central bankers meeting in Washington first agreed to freeze the level of their own official gold holdings. They would no longer sell gold to meet private demand and hence could lose no more. The possibility that they would need to raise the gold price, either to restore their own international reserves or to quell the speculation or both, receded rapidly as a result. More importantly, they intimated that they would not buy gold from the private market, thus eliminating themselves as competitors for the limited volume of new production, and thereby indicating that they no longer were relying on gold for increases in their reserves.

It is reported that the central bankers may also have privately agreed to freeze the distribution as well as the level of present gold holdings, at least for a while, which would mean that they would not convert dollars into U.S. gold. If this is true, the dollar component of world reserves would not fall. Such a decision would reinforce the decision not to sell gold to private buyers and would clearly signal that all present monetary reserves will be preserved. In addition, it would mean that there would be no renewed pressure on the United States. Whether or not such a pledge was made, West Germany and Great Britain are likely to be this year's big surplus countries and neither is apt to seek gold from us. The dollar should thus be safe from official demands by major countries for at least the immediate future.

THE WASHINGTON DECISIONS, however, would not have been credible by themselves. A substitute for gold to provide the needed liquidity increases was required, and it so happened that the Board of Governors of the International Monetary Fund, which agreed in principle on the Special Drawing Rights solution last September, had set March 31 as the deadline for completion of the necessary texts. The finance ministers and central bankers of the Group of Ten major industrialized countries (Great Britain, Canada, the United States, West Germany, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Japan, and Sweden—with Switzerland, not an IMF member, as an associate) were thus already scheduled to meet in Stockholm on March 29-30 to try to agree on specific measures. Despite maximum French efforts to obstruct, they seized the opportunity. The other countries agreed fully on the SDR plan and will seek speedy completion of the legal drafting and ratification by their respective parliaments.

When the plan becomes effective, possibly next year, the SDR will be usable by participating countries to finance their payments imbalances. The initial amount created may be about $2 billion per year for a five-year period, of which at least seventy per cent—or $7 billion—will be as useful internationally as are gold and dollars at present. These amounts would be significantly greater than were provided by gold in any comparable postwar period. The SDR will be distributed among countries roughly in relation to their importance in the world economy and thus will provide all participants with the reserve increases they desire. In a little-mentioned decision, the Ten also agreed to amend the Fund articles to make it even harder

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to vary the official gold price.

France, which alone among the major non-gold producers has sought the other alternative, an increase in the price of gold, was totally defeated on the major issues. Most significantly, the defeat was not administered by the United States alone but by all the participating nations. The five other members of the Common Market rejected France's demands on the gold price, rejected its delaying tactic of a call for an international monetary conference, and even rejected its demand that the U.S. and British payments deficits be eliminated prior to activation of the SDR. France's inability to block progress unilaterally—or even to rally its Common Market partners to help with the job—was made shatteringly clear.

What's Left to Be Done

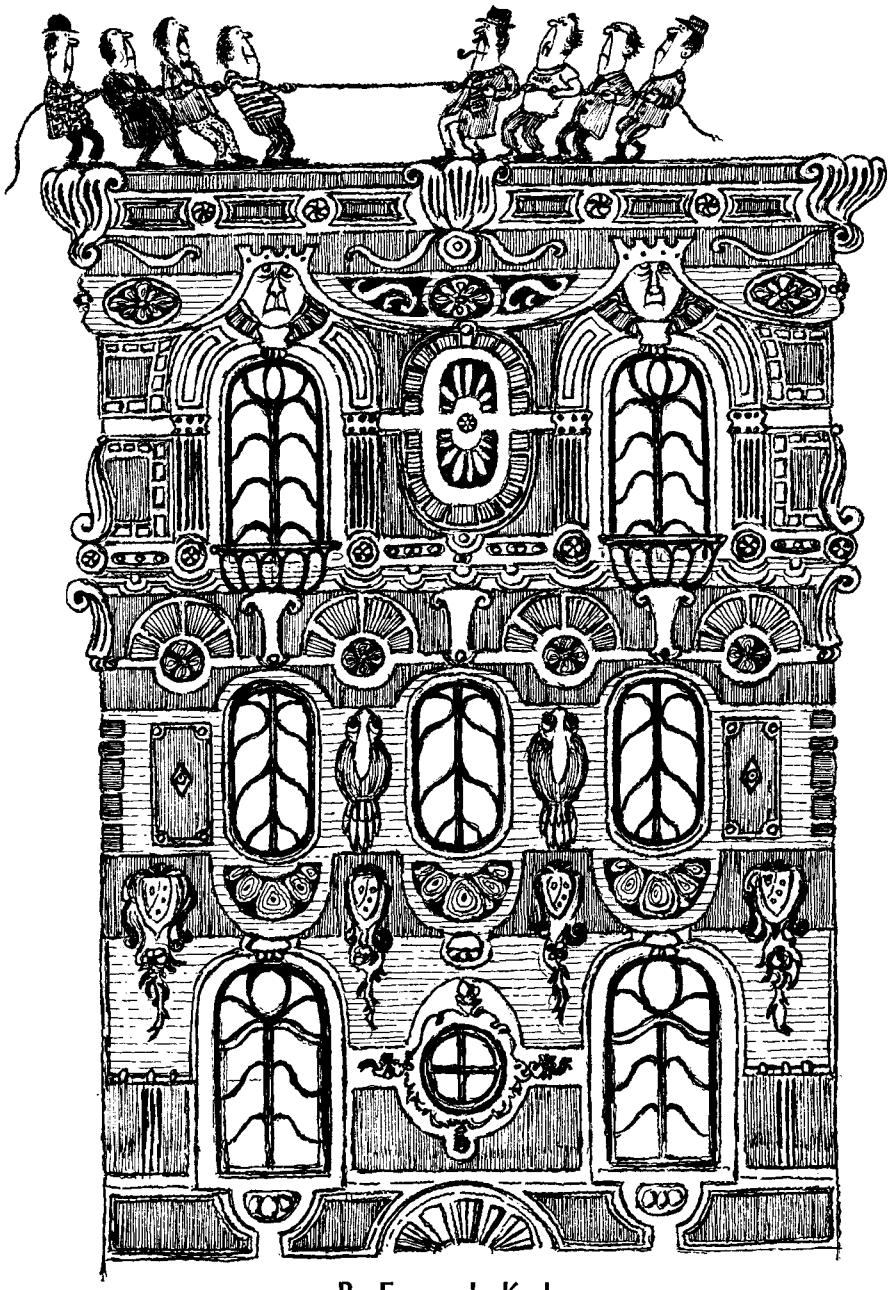
The Group of Ten fully recognized that the recent actions have not solved all international monetary problems. The foremost need at the moment is decisive action by all major countries to reduce the magnitude of the payments imbalance between the United States and Great Britain, on the deficit side, and Western Europe on the surplus side. Great Britain has already taken action. Its new budget, promptly approved by the House of Commons, assures the success of its devaluation of last November and suggests that it will soon be running large surpluses. The uncertainty over sterling should thus now be removed from the monetary system for the foreseeable future.

The U.S. Congress, however, has yet to act decisively. A determined tightening of our fiscal policy would build upon the three key achievements described here and accelerate the return of confidence in the dollar and hence in the entire system. Co-ordinated action by the countries of Western Europe to reduce their own surpluses would be highly desirable concomitants to any steps taken by the United States, and in fact are necessary if equilibrium in the international balance of payments is to be restored. The whole problem of payments adjustment, therefore, is far from settled.

There is also still the problem of the interim period before the SDR are activated. The sizable increases announced at the Washington meeting in the lines of reciprocal credits among the major central banks—which now total over $10 billion—are presumably designed to meet at least part of this need. New dollar accumulations may also help, and the regular facilities of the IMF are designed precisely to tide countries (and the world) through such medium-term periods.

A final question is the continued coexistence of several types of international money. The new system will add the SDR to present holdings of gold, dollars, sterling, and the regular claims on the IMF. The system thus will remain at least theoretically subject to destabilizing shifts from one to another and the crises that can result. The role of the reserve currencies and their relationships to the other assets have yet to be decided.

But the major choices have been made. Co-operation has prevailed. Obstructionism has failed. Reliance on gold as international money seems to be going the way of reliance on gold as domestic money. And the international monetary system seems poised to provide a solid foundation for world prosperity.



By Fernando Krahn

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Afghanistanitis On the Big Dailies

MARTIN NOLAN

LAST YEAR the American Society of Newspaper Editors heard a plea at their annual meeting in Washington to examine "a world you never see except when a riot erupts and the police charge in with your reporters and photographers close at their heels." The speaker was Floyd B. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality. Since then, there have been 150 civil disturbances in American cities as well as some attempts by American newspapers to shed light on McKissick's world. Yet his speech and the riots themselves illustrate the central weakness of major metropolitan newspapers: their failure to cover their own communities.

The failing is not racial. Its bases are economic and geographical. McKissick could have been speaking for whites as well as Negroes when he asked the editors: "How many of you report even what middle-class black people do? Your social column —your engagement column, your local-events column. You know, we like news clippings, too." Similar plaints could apply also to lower-income whites: only when their frustrations take the form of vocal protests against such things as school bussing and urban renewal do these inhabitants of America's aging and unglamorous urban neighborhoods receive much recognition from metropolitan newspapers.

Like many of our institutions, metropolitan dailies have grown partial to their wealthy clients in the suburbs, for numerous reasons. Around the turn of the century, when newspapers prospered as their cities grew, Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley could define the role of the press as comforting the afflicted and afflicting the comfortable. Today, there is little profit in either endeavor. Moreover, the flight of readers to suburbia has been followed by the transformation of local issues into national ones. Transportation, pollution, and housing, once considered the province of local governments, have blended into the "crisis of the cities," a story too often bearing a Washington dateline even though the crisis will never be resolved there. Finally, the growth of television, radio, and the news magazines has brought widespread competition and variety to the coverage of national and international events. This trend has been accompanied by the demise of dozens of metropolitan dailies, leaving the survivors with a monopoly on covering local news. This monopoly should weigh as a heavy burden on the conscience of city editors, for if they fail to cover their own towns, readers cannot turn to Walter Cronkite or *Newsweek* for supplementary sustenance.

Only three American cities—New York, Washington, and Boston—

have more than two separately owned newspapers. Competition, to be sure, has often stimulated only sensationalism; many of the dailies that died deserved to die. But the competitive factor in these three cities will help other papers determine whether increased coverage of their own back yards is worthwhile, or indeed feasible.

The Specialist System

The New York *Times* is not a local paper because New York is not a neat locality. Because of its reputation and because the *Times* is somewhat of a philanthropic institution, its coverage of events wields wide influence on other papers. If the *Times*, with its resources, cannot cover a major story, who can?

In 1963, the *Times* appointed as Metropolitan Editor A. M. Rosenthal, who had won a Pulitzer Prize during a brilliant career as a foreign correspondent for the *Times*. One significant story for which Rosenthal was responsible related how a young woman, Catherine Genovese, was stabbed to death in Queens as thirty-eight of her neighbors witnessed without calling the police. The full circumstances of her death were explored in a front-page story in the *Times* two weeks later. Seldom has a crime story had more effect on the public consciousness. Nationwide discussions of apathy followed as Americans began to wonder whether they too would have chosen not to "get involved."

Introspection was also the fashion at the *Times*. Rosenthal wrote a book on his experience with the story, *Thirty-Eight Witnesses*, for which the publisher of the *Times*, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, wrote an introduction. Sulzberger confessed: "Sometimes we suffer from Afghanistanitis—the theory that what happens in exotic places is somehow more important than what happens in Queens." Rosenthal, too, expressed some doubt about the treatment of places like Queens in the *Times*. "Journalistically," he asked, "is New York a front-page story or is it a four-paragraph story?. . . . The New York *Times*, which has full-time staff correspondents in Karachi and Stockholm and Leopoldville and Algiers, has no full-time reporter in Queens."

The years since 1964 have seen the greatest upheaval in the history of New York newspapers. The *Herald Tribune*, which in its last years committed itself to intense coverage of the city, died during a strike without a funeral. Its remains were placed in an urn, the *World Journal Tribune*, which lasted less than a year after absorbing the *Trib*, the *Journal-American*, and the *World-Telegram and the Sun*. These last two, published in the afternoon, often covered news of interest to the boroughs outside Manhattan. The three dead papers left 1.2 million readers bereft. New York's re-

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maining afternoon paper, the *Post*, made no perceptible attempt to expand its news coverage, and both the *Times* and the *Daily News* made elaborate preparations to prepare a new afternoon paper. Both attempts were abandoned as economically unfeasible.

Today, notwithstanding its loss of competition, the *Times*, with forty-two correspondents abroad, twenty-seven in Washington, thirteen in various regions of the United States, thirty-eight on its business-financial staff, forty-one covering sports, and thirty-one on its cultural news staff, still has no full-time reporter in Queens.

ROSENTHAL defends the *Times's* policy of not setting up borough staffs. "On any given day," he claims, "we may have three or five reporters in Brooklyn or Queens. If we have one man in Queens, then the news he sends is Queens news only. That downgrades it. If we send one man to Brooklyn, that puts Brooklyn in a subsidiary basis. You get thinner news rather than thicker news. I tell our man covering hospitals, for instance, not just to cover Bellevue, but to go up to St. Francis Hospital in the Bronx or the hospitals in Brooklyn. Our education reporters, for instance, don't just cover the schools in Manhattan; they'll go out to Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn to look at experiments there. When Lindsay became mayor, we had an opportunity to revise our whole beat system and we did. Now the City Hall reporters don't cover all the news from City Hall. We have specialists in housing, welfare, and other areas who move in and out of City Hall."

What Rosenthal describes is the specialist system that has arisen on most metropolitan dailies in the past decade. The system, an acknowledgment of the complexity of modern urban life, is essentially an expansion of the old police-reporter response. If there is trouble at St. Francis Hospital in the Bronx or at Intermediate School 201 in Harlem, the situation is not merely covered; it is given the perception and understanding it deserves by the intelligent, well-trained *Times* reporters. The installation or expansion of such a system has nearly always followed government action rather than anticipated it. Thus, a transportation beat has usually evolved from a city government's decision to professionalize its traffic department, either by hiring an expert or seeking professional consultants. The same follow-the-leader approach has taken place when newspapers respond to a city's professionalizing of the problems of hospitals, housing, or schools.

This decision to tie itself to city government has burdened the press with all of a city government's limitations. Thus "the white press" is resented by Harlem residents for the same reason that they resent the police: both seem to be around only when there's trouble. Following government has also led to the relative overstaffing of the suburbs. When suburbs were small, they were handled by "stringers," part-time correspondents. Now they command the attention of a large part of newspaper staffs, space, and attention. The *Times*, for instance, has eight men covering the news of New York's suburbs, all stationed in the areas they cover, while no *Times* men are stationed in the boroughs outside Manhattan. This is a policy engendered by geographic, cultural, or political chance; northern New Jersey is no farther from Times Square than Queens is. By designating two correspondents for the 857,000 people of Westchester County and none for the 2,697,000 people in Brooklyn, the *Times* seems exposed to one of its most frequent editorial-page charges against the legislature in Albany: gerrymandering. At the very least, its continuing policy deserves the rebuke of "Afghanistanitis" given by its publisher in 1964. No newspaper is a legislature, of course, and Rosenthal responds to such charges by stating that his suburban correspondents "cover news of generic interest only. They don't cover the Kiwanis meetings in Westchester."

What of the 1.2 million disenfranchised readers of the three most recently departed dailies? "The *Times* is not a hodgepodge," Rosenthal responds. "We don't take on comics because there's a gap. The *Times* has its own distinct personality." The inviolability of the *Times* personality as a final argument against change is apparently the same today, when the *Times* is one of three newspapers, as it was in 1945, when it was one of nine. In 1945, publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger told a group of teachers that "every newspaper must decide upon the clientele it wishes to cultivate."

The implication in these arguments is that there's always the *Daily News*. The *News* publishes six separate borough and suburban sections daily, each with news of local politicians and neighborhood events. These editions help fill the gap left by neighborhood weeklies, which have felt the pinch of economics more severely than the dailies have. The *News*, which has published increasingly sophisticated and sympathetic reports on urban life, sells more than half of its papers in New York City, while the *Times's* city circulation is considerably less than half of its daily total. Yet the arithmetic of circulation must take into account the efforts of the more than forty newspapers published daily in the *Times's* market area. From the 414,000 daily total of Long Island's *Newsday* to the 9,600 sold by the Mamaroneck *Daily Times*, these papers serve more than 2.6 million New York suburban readers daily. Moreover, these suburban dailies give their readers a sense of community nourished not just by trivia. Suburbanites receive more information about local politics and local officeholders than do their neighbors who have remained in the city. The yearning for attention and for a similar sense of community within city neighborhoods has been recognized by Mayor Lindsay's plan for "little City Halls" and by McGeorge Bundy's recommendation for more autonomous neighborhood school districts.

Detail of Two Cities

In Washington and Boston, leading papers have tried new approaches to the coverage of urban life. The Washington *Post*, facing virtually no competition from suburban dailies, has nineteen reporters stationed in the suburbs. (This total includes reporters in Annapolis and Richmond, where much news of interest to Washington's suburbs takes place.) In the city of Washington, the *Post* has forty reporters, thirteen of

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them Negroes. (The city staff is separate from the national staff, which covers the Federal government and political news.)

The *Post*'s approach to city news seems not to be derived from either a specialist system or an infusion of sociology. Instead, the *Post*, in its most successful efforts, just sends good reporters out to talk to people. Such was the case with a recent series on expensive-credit merchants and their high-pressure bilking of poor Negroes in the city. Reporter Robert Maynard simply went to the stores, talked to customers, and enumerated the high credit rates. His series, which named the merchants involved, ran on the front page for four days. Before the last article appeared, city officials announced that new license regulations would require merchants to detail in writing the credit costs of each purchase. A week later the *Post* began another series by court reporter Leonard Downie, Jr., naming the landlords who had bought properties in a slum area slated for urban renewal. The series detailed the tortuous legal process facing tenants who want a leaky roof repaired. The series may lead to a change in Federal urban-renewal regulations.

The *Post*'s coverage of Washington still suffers from its habit of placing most local news in a separate, disposable section of the paper. Partly a result of production problems engendered by a wealth of advertising, this practice tends to segregate the interest of *Post* readers into society, sports, real estate, and entertainment. But in compensation its "City Life" section runs the four-times-a-week column of William Raspberry, who roams throughout the two-thirds Negro city of Washington, discovering stories that no "beat system" of specialists could uncover. "There is no way to evaluate the impact that William Raspberry, our local columnist, has on this community," said Ben W. Gilbert, deputy managing editor. "But the fact that he is a Negro, and that he tries to tell it as it is to everybody, cannot help but do something to our image as a newspaper in our city. And we feel that it cannot but help alleviate tension in our city by improving communication between the races."

In Boston, the frustrations in the city's "backlash" areas last fall almost elected Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, a mayoral candidate whose platform was based on a virulent stand against preferential treatment for Negroes, as in bussing to distant schools. The Boston *Globe* provided an antidote to her message. For years it had had a strong staff of specialists in urban renewal, medicine, science, education, and even mental health. In addition, seven of its full-time reporters covered Boston's suburbs. Before the mayoral campaign, a team of four reporters went to the neighborhoods of the city, discovering that complaints in the white sections—lack of police protection,

street repairs, and other declining city services—were essentially the same complaints as those in the Negro neighborhoods. The publication of a detailed thirteen-part series during the mayoral campaign helped blunt Mrs. Hicks's theme that she was the only one who cared about white Bostonians.

After the election, the four *Globe* reporters stayed on, assigned not to any government agencies but to neighborhoods and their people. Working with the paper's specialists in housing, health, and education, the four produced a thirty-six-page supplement, "Poverty in Boston," in the paper's March 19 edition. The supplement carried no advertising and listed the social conditions in the city neighborhoods, plus an elaborate catalogue of self-help organizations, their purposes, locations, and phone numbers.

In Washington and Boston, innovative journalism has had its effects on the innovator's competitors. After several *Post* stories on Anacostia, an isolated Negro community in the capital, the Washington *Evening Star* sent Haynes Johnson, who had won a Pulitzer Prize for reporting on civil rights, to Anacostia. His series last year propelled further coverage by the *Star* of Washington's Negro community. In Boston, the *Herald-Traveler*, outflanked in other areas, concentrated on a "Report Card" on Boston's schools, illuminating the system's deficiencies. In New York, however, the *Times* and the *Daily News* still appeal to different audiences, and neither paper has any apparent impact on the other.

New York, where the press has been convulsed with recent change, is still the communications capital of the country, the actions of its newspapers having a profound effect on even the smallest city's daily. The *News* has begun a subtle revision of its editorial policy to bring it more in line with the aspirations of its readers. Where it formerly stood foursquare against any encroachments on the right of private property, a recent *News* editorial, "Dumb Delay," excoriated the House Rules Committee for obstructing progress on the Senate-passed open-housing bill. When the Kerner Commission outlined its proposals, the *News*, which would ordinarily erupt over wild-eyed spending schemes, found its recommendations at least worthy of further study.

The *Times*, too, having seen its attempts at a national readership fail with the death of its West Coast edition, is in a process of self-evaluation. The challenge of covering the urban frontier is hardly a retreat from past glory. In 1896, Adolph Ochs defined the role of the *Times* as "to give the news impartially, without fear or favor." This was a noble mission when the *Times* was one of fifteen New York dailies, many of them dominated by partisan fear or favor. Now the *Times* can afford to widen its role to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.

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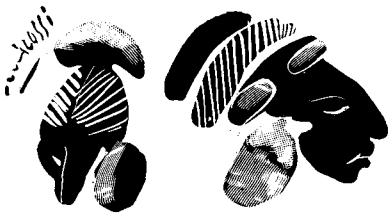

Mexico: The Problems Of Proximity

GLADYS DELMAS

MEXICO CITY

"I BELIEVE in the Mexican peso as I believe in the dollar," Minister of Finance Antonio Ortiz Mena said during the "gold rush" last November while the central bankers of the western world hemmed and hawed about how firmly and under what conditions they would support the price of gold and the parity of the dollar. Then he dramatically opened the vaults of the Bank of Mexico, offering ingots to all comers. Thus Mexico, alone among nations, laid on the line its *entire* gold reserves—$260 million. The sale of gold coins has always been free in Mexico, at a slightly higher price per ounce than bars, which are sold only to registered jewelers and manufacturers. It was at the coin price that the ingots were offered when the coins gave out. Nevertheless, this was an extraordinary gesture: the difference in price would not have protected Mexico had the dollar fallen victim to the gold rush. With all eyes on Europe, we hardly found time to say "Thank you."

Latin America so often appears to us just a vast problem area—walls scrawled with "Yanqui No!," smashed embassy windows, aid that never seems to accomplish its purpose—that we easily overlook Mexico, a stable, steadily growing country, still relatively poor, of course, but at this stage of its development we no longer grant it Food for Peace, and AID is all but phased out.

One reason why Mexico is so different from the other countries of Latin America is a simple geographical fact: we have a long common frontier. That much of the southwestern United States was once Mexican and that we acquired it by imperialist methods—we called it "manifest destiny" then—is no longer a rankling issue between us. Mexicans are realists who recognize a fait accompli; they recognize too that we are not likely to repeat the grab. Our proximity, however, implies other perils and problems for both nations, but it also brings benefits and stimulates reactions that have had an important and healthy influence on Mexico's own development.

The Magnetic Border

The border itself is a problem: it separates such vastly different cultures, such striking differences in the standard of living, even though the Mexican side is generally more prosperous than the rest of Mexico. Vast deserts separate it from the heartland, making it almost another Mexico. Thus the attraction of American goods across the border is tremendous; the dollar drain from shopping expeditions "to the other side" wipes out at least half of the income Mexico collects from American tourists. In spite of their relative prosperity, the Mexican border towns look poor and miserable in comparison with their twins on the American side. Some, such as Tijuana, are overtly vice districts. Most are clogged with unemployed, usually unskilled farmers from the interior hoping for a chance at the high wages (by their standards) so temptingly close.

In the last few years, the Mexican government has tackled the problem with imagination and zeal. The first program, started some years ago under President López Mateos, sought to present a more attractive image of Mexico. Handsome new gateways were built to expedite customs and immigration formalities; the Mexican end of the international bridge at Laredo, for instance, is now far more splendid and efficiently conceived than the American one. New hotels and motels sprung up with government aid, as luxurious as any in the United States; modern shopping centers, selling the best of Mexican crafts rather than the usual tourist junk, have been opened; streets have been paved and lighted, conference halls built to encourage international meetings and others between Mexican businessmen from the interior and their northern fellows, as well as Mexican cultural events to link the Americanized border with the "real" Mexico.

To stem the tide of dollars across the border, Mexican manufacturers are offered tax concessions, privileged freight rates, and promotional campaigns as incentives to develop the rich border market; recently there has been a campaign against professional smuggling. The national government has just set up a Bureau of Standards whose seal guarantees that goods are of international quality. Thanks to such measures, the sale of Mexican goods along the frontier has more than tripled since 1960.

IN THE SPRING of 1965, Minister of Industry and Commerce Octaviano Campos Salas made a dramatic proposal. Why shouldn't Mexico, with its abundance of cheap, potentially skilled, and easily trained labor, compete with Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Japan in the manufacture of labor-intensive goods? The frontier is crowded with would-be emigrants and other unemployed; Mexico lacks the capital to set up such industries on its own. Thus a new

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organization was created, the Frontier Industries Program, in which the whole process of investment and imports is reversed: foreigners may own one hundred per cent of a company; they may bring in, duty free and with a minimum of formalities, machinery, raw materials, parts for assembly—but *all* their product must be exported. Since the fall of 1966, some eighty new companies have been set up, providing some six thousand new jobs, and many others are knocking at the door. The minister has recently urged Mexican capital to enter the field, and even suggested that such enclaves be established elsewhere in the country.

Such a program presents great advantages for certain types of American industry, particularly for the assembling of small electronic units or for the needle industries, which may use sophisticated American textiles cut to American patterns. With easier supervision and lower transport costs than in the Pacific area, all-American materials can thus be used. The possibility of all-American ownership is another advantage that would not be permitted in Japan, for instance. "The Americans have lost their world leadership in the production of cheap radios, tape recorders, portable TV sets, and so on," a young Mexican official said to me. "Thanks to this program, they can produce as cheaply as Japan—if not more cheaply. It's a bonanza we're giving them."

There are drawbacks. American labor unions are firmly opposed: they see a parallel to the move of the textile industry from New England to the South. The AFL-CIO resolved at its latest Miami Beach convention to exert all possible pressure to obstruct the program. Mexican labor unions point out, however, that far from harming American labor, the program should help it by creating new jobs for the manufacture of parts on the American side, particularly in the southern part of Texas, which is a depressed region. The labor issue is certainly one reason why the big American companies have not yet come in in force: they prefer to use subcontractors where their own labor relations are not in jeopardy.

In any case, even these small beginnings are having some surprising effects. In Tijuana, I was told, there are noticeably fewer women walking the streets, and it is becoming difficult to find servants. Neither pressures from American unions nor sporadic U.S. attempts to limit the rights of registered Mexican laborers who commute daily to the other side are likely to provoke an official protest. These are purely matters of U.S. concern, Mexico feels, and it is one of its basic principles that no state shall interfere in the internal affairs of another.

A Boon to Unity

But if Mexico refrains from asking privileges for its citizens in other countries, at home its policy is among the sternest in the world in defending its own. Here its past experience has provided a never-forgotten lesson. In 1910, when the revolution started, almost all the basic structure of the economy—railroads, mines, electric power, telephones, commercial agriculture, and oil—was in foreign hands, chiefly American. Any government measures not to their liking were immediately protested by their embassies, and the Mexican government usually was obliged to accede. The economy was, as a consequence, almost entirely oriented toward export, so that foreign investment was of relatively little benefit to the Mexicans themselves. However, a few energetic Mexicans were beginning to build for local consumption: the first large-scale paper mill in Latin America was built in 1894, the first steel mill in 1903.

Nevertheless, the first generation of economists who emerged after the bloody years of revolution felt obliged to go slowly toward their goal of Mexican control of Mexican industry. It was not until the oil companies openly flouted Mexican law and the decisions of the Mexican Supreme Court that the first dramatic step toward "Mexicanization" was taken and the oil fields expropriated. This act, more than any other, contributed to the uniting of all Mexicans behind their government and to a new sense of pride in their own capacity and national identity. Its success, in spite of political and even military threats, an international boycott, a credit freeze, and the massive departure of foreign technicians, encouraged the government progressively to gain control of other basic sectors of the economy and to become progressively more stringent in allowing foreign entrepreneurs into the country.

Today, more than ninety per cent of investment in Mexico is Mexican, including all public services and the basic sectors of industry. Agricultural and financial activity are, by law, exclusively reserved for Mexicans; industries closely connected with the basic sectors and the exploitation of "non-renewable resources" must have a majority of Mexican capital. Only when a foreign company can offer new technology, possibilities for export, a significant number of new jobs, and the stimulation of ancillary industries—or when Mexican capital has proved unwilling to undertake the risks involved—is it allowed to maintain full control. Even then, only a small number of foreign managers are allowed into the country for the limited time considered necessary to train Mexicans to replace them. Compare this situation with that of Canada, our other neighbor, where foreigners, mostly Americans, own an estimated seventy per cent of the oil and gas industry and sixty per cent of the mining, and control sixty per cent of manufacturing. Yet in spite of all these restrictions, more severe than those in any Latin-American country, during the past five years Mexico has received more foreign capital—investment and loans—than any other.

Mexico may restrict the entrance of the investment dollar, but the tourist dollar is ardently wooed; it is the most obvious benefit from our proximity. In spite of the outflow across the border and the increasing tendency of Mexicans to

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travel to far places, which is beginning to worry the Mexican government as it does our own, the net income from this "industry without chimneys" was about $400 million in 1966. This provides that extra influx of capital, without interest or amortization, which economists say is essential for successful development. Tourism also provides much new employment, important in a demographically exploding country, for much less investment per job than industry would require.

Another immediate benefit of proximity is the military umbrella. Mexico is proud that it spends less than ten per cent of the federal budget for the military—who, in any case, are engaged more in civic-action programs than in martial activities. It owns no sophisticated "hardware" and the government has just declared —in striking contrast to most of South America—that henceforth it will buy no arms whatsoever abroad. It is proud of this pacifist stand, but it sometimes forgets that the power and friendship of its neighbor contribute, in some degree at least, toward making it possible.

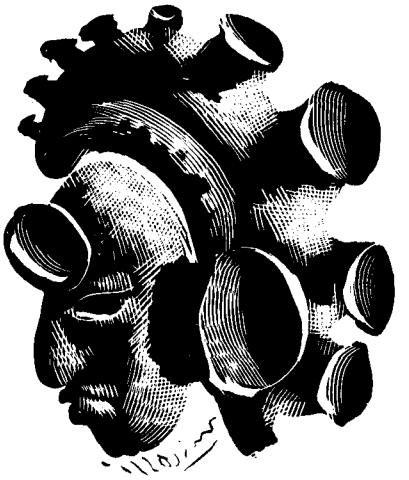
Our protective military might and Mexico's dependence on U.S. trade, which is over sixty per cent of its total, have made it politically important for Mexico to adopt as a counterreaction an independent policy in foreign affairs and a set of principles and ideals to which it can refer with some consistency as justification for its position. It is determined, above all, not to be a satellite of the United States. Thus, in spite of our cajolements and a majority vote in the Organization of American States to expel Cuba, Mexico maintains diplomatic relations with the Castro régime.

Mexico was among the most vocal of the Latin-American countries in deploring our intervention in the Dominican Republic. It also has been among the earliest and most enthusiastic supporters of some hemisphere programs—the Latin American Free Trade Association (LAFTA), for instance—which we originally opposed, however useful we think them now.

Because of this independence and its resounding success at home in managing its political and economic affairs, Mexico seems cut out for leadership in Latin America. This it firmly rejects. One of the principles born of its painful past to which it constantly refers is the equality of nations, great and small. During the recent visit of the President of El Salvador, Mexican President Díaz Ordaz emphasized this theme over and over: "We wish to co-operate with you, but not as a Big Brother. We are not seeking leadership of any kind, anywhere."

From its old experience with foreign companies, particularly during the oil crisis, has come Mexico's defense of the "Calvo clause," which it emphasizes more than any other country. This concept grew out of a treatise on international law written by an Argentine, Carlos Calvo, in the nineteenth century. As Mexico has interpreted it, it means that no foreigner, in any circumstances, may invoke diplomatic protection but must seek redress through the local courts, with no more rights than local citizens. The legality of this concept has been debated by international lawyers for years—with the opposition citing the incompetence and corruption of local justice and the reluctance of investors to depend on it. Mexico does not argue; it simply demands a signature agreeing to the doctrine from any prospective investor. But it has also instructed its embassies everywhere to observe the same rule—no Mexican may appeal to them for extralegal help.

Examples of this reciprocity are numerous. Since Mexico so objects to fully owned foreign companies within its own borders, Mexican businessmen when investing abroad, particularly in Central America, are urged to look for local capital and accept a minority interest. In most cases they have complied. Mexico asks that foreign investment contribute to its own technology: the government-owned railroad-car factory recently won a bid in a worldwide competition for the delivery of $11 million worth of cars to the Colombian railroads, not only because of generous credit terms but more particularly because forty per cent of the manufacturing is to be done in Colombia under Mexican technical supervision, thus aiding the Colombians to set up their own industry.



The Mexican Virtues

If our proximity has thus stimulated Mexico to define and maintain a more consistent foreign policy than any of its neighbors, it has also been useful in provoking a deep sense of "Mexicanism" at home. American ways are, of course, creeping in. But all traditions that are not directly antagonistic to the modern world that Mexico longs to enter are lovingly preserved. The *charros* still ride in their splendid silver-spangled outfits—although today they are more often bankers than cowboys. The *mariachis* still serenade a loved one in the early dawn of her saint's day, even though they awaken a whole apartment building in the process. Fiestas are still fiestas, even though sound management of family finances should often preclude them. And bread has not completely replaced the humble tortilla, although most Mexicans can now afford it. Even those of pure Spanish blood are proud of being Mexican and of the unique way of life that has developed here. One important result of this strong sense of national identity is that there is no "brain drain." Students eagerly seek higher educa-

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tion abroad, but they come home.

This nationalism, however, is far from xenophobic: in spite of its relative poverty—a per capita income in 1966 of $455 as compared with $751 for Venezuela and $709 for Argentina—Mexico is far more generous than any other Latin-American country. Even the United States is in Mexico's debt in several projects, one of the most striking of which is the Third Country Training Program for students from the rest of Latin America. Students chosen by U.S. Agency for International Development offices in other countries are sent to Mexico, their expenses paid partly by their country of origin and partly by AID. Mexico offers them free tuition and other facilities—in some cases a monthly stipend—at an annual cost that the United States estimates to be about $5 million. Mexican students are being turned away from local universities for lack of room, while each year some ten thousand foreigners are occupying class space that might otherwise be used by Mexicans. The advantages Mexico offers as a training center for Latin Americans are numerous: a language and culture similar to their own, a technology better adapted to their needs than ours is, and a living example of how it can be used to promote healthy, steady growth. Besides, because of Mexico's stringent immigration regulations, these students *must* go home again.

Mutual agricultural projects have developed from proximity, too. The campaign to eradicate foot-and-mouth disease, essential to keep our

own herds healthy, is a never-ending battle: a team of U.S. and Mexican experts work together still, examining suspicious cases and guarding the ports of entry. Eradication of the screw worm and the fruit fly is a current objective, through use of the same co-operative methods.

The great success story today, however, comes from Mexico's own agricultural complex for education, research, and extension training at Chapingo, near Mexico City, started in 1923. The work done there with modest facilities has shown striking results: from 1943 to 1963, Mexico more than doubled its food production; corn yields rose from 4.4 bushels a hectare to 32. The average daily calorie intake rose from 1,700 per person to 2,700; Mexico is no longer one of the hungry countries.

Impressed by these results, the Rockefeller Foundation in 1963 donated funds to set up the International Center for Corn and Wheat Improvement at Chapingo. Seventy per cent of the total, however, came from the Mexican government and from loans made to it by the International Development Bank and AID. The first results have been remarkable: a new strain of short-stemmed wheat which, in a couple of years, has made Pakistan practically self-sufficient and has greatly improved yields in India; hybrid corn that has done the same in Africa and Southeast Asia; a new type of potato now grown in twelve countries in various parts of the world. In collaboration with the University of Manitoba, a new cereal is being created that will have a much higher percentage of certain amino acids, necessary for a balanced diet, than any now known.

The activities of the United Nations here are another example of Mexico's eagerness to share. Nearly half of all U.N. Latin-American programs for development, economic training, and research are located in Mexico City. When I asked why, I was answered by a flood of reasons. One is Mexico's generosity: from 1950 to 1967, the government contributed $2.7 million to these projects in addition to its normal quotas. A more mundane reason is that there are no exchange problems, and the fact that Mexican professors keep their students at the grindstone—no mañana here. But above all, I was told, Mexico is much more in touch with the modern world than are its neighbors to the south.

HEREIN LIES, I believe, the greatest benefit that Mexico receives from our proximity. Other Latin-American nations are growing and industrializing, but the growth is haphazard and unorganized. Argentina provides tremendous incentives for new industry, only to find that there is insufficient electric power and inadequate transport. Brazil is not only letting its proud new capi-

tal, Brasília, grow shoddy for lack of maintenance but has allowed the splendid highway over the mountains from São Paulo to Santos, hailed in its time as a great feat of engineering, to grow pitted and dusty. Peru, joyful in the bonanza of its new fish-meal industry, has overfished its waters, thus starving the birds who provided precious guano; almost all the protein-rich fish meal is exported as cattle food, while half the population is on the verge of starvation.

Only Mexico is conscious of the need for priorities—electric power before industry, roads before cheap automobiles, people before profits. Mexico has the finest network of highways in the hemisphere, and washouts caused by the deluges of the rainy season are repaired within weeks. Only Mexico has developed its social programs—social security with emphasis on the whole man and not just medical care and pensions, profit sharing in industry, rural improvement—along with its growing prosperity. Only Mexico has a clearly defined policy in regard to the relative roles of state and private enterprise in the development process. Although Mexico constantly reiterates that it is not trying to become a minor United States, our proximate example has set it on the path of building a modern industrial state through uniquely Mexican methods. Mexico is still a relatively poor country. But in the clarity of its goal and its steadiness in pursuing it, it is the only really modern nation in Latin America.

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Two Moods at Eilat

RUSS BRALEY

LAST MAY DAY the sky above Eilat was, as it nearly always is, blue and cloudless, the light blinding, the wind hot and dry from the Negev to the north. There were no war clouds on the horizon, either, yet war materialized almost overnight. For the second time Egypt's President Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba in the Red Sea to Eilat's shipping, and for the second time Israel destroyed Egypt's military forces. Not a shot fell in Eilat, but quite a bit has changed.

Last May Day, town dignitaries were lined up against the owner of the Blue Fish Restaurant and the proprietor of a local café on the issue of beatniks from all over the world cluttering up the beach. Tour busses disgorged tourists at the hotels for one-night visits, turning even the first-class Queen of Sheba into a depot. On the beach near the Jordan border the new Sea Star bungalows booked their first tourists. Dr. Reginald Morris, the only man in Eilat who wears a coat and tie all day, paid house calls on patients laid low by a curious two-day Asian flu. At the Caravan Hotel, two miles south of Eilat on Coral Beach, manager Max Biegeleisen peered nearsightedly at his account books. Guests in his noisy dining hall ate, as the custom goes, with their hats on and chuckled at Biegeleisen's name ("Flatiron"). Police received a call from Atlanta from parents complaining that their Michele hadn't written in two months, Police asked the hotels to check. Michele snoozed on the beach under a pup tent with a French girl, a Danish fellow with a beard, and two small dogs. The beatnik colony, five hundred strong, knew Michele well and considered her generous with the $5,000 her parents had given her. Nobody told the police where she was. A Soviet artist from Vilna sketched the gulf, including the new port and oil dock. In the Red Sea, a four-foot barracuda named Cecil cruised a foot below the surface like a patrolman guarding the six hundred varieties of gaudy fish swimming in the flamboyant coral reefs near the water's edge. The fish know they are protected. Three-foot-long emerald-and-turquoise Napoleon fish, blue-and-gold clown fish, spotted Argus, and red octopuses, which keep to familiar stations, are quite accustomed to human swimmers. There are other shier creatures: iridescent bluefish, balaos (who can't quite make it as flying fish and tail-walk on the surface), boxfish, stonefish looking ancient and petrified, globefish round as tennis balls, parrot fish, squirrel fish, needlefish and moray eels, who can clear a beach quickly in the Mediterranean but behave nicely at Coral Beach.

Young Town in an Age-Old Silence

At the Egyptian border about five miles from Eilat, an Israeli officer raised his field glasses at a tourist one hundred yards away photographing the border station with a telephoto lens and waved him away, without making a fuss. I, the tourist photographer, hiked back to the Caravan and relaxed in a deck chair on the terrace outside Room 25. It was siesta time, and I wondered at the desert silence. I could hear a man's footsteps crunching on gravel two hundred yards away. He departed and silence returned. I was disturbed by a popping noise that puzzled me until I found the source—bubbles bursting in my Scotch and soda.

This silence of the desert, especially in warm seasons, obliges everyone to keep the same hours. A siesta after lunch is obligatory. At night, talking is inhibited—anything said can be heard perfectly eight doors away. A family quarrel sounds like the Sioux attacking the 6th Cavalry Regiment. Having gone to bed early, guests begin to rise at five. The desert carries the sound of toilets flushing like Niagara, doors banging like mortar bursts. So breakfasts (boiled eggs, black olives, sardines, peppers, tomatoes, cream cheese, coffee) are early but worth getting up for.

Just over the hills is Red Canyon, a labyrinth of crevices, rock chimneys, and gorges. The section called Striped Canyon has seams of bright blue, green, yellow, red, and ochre sand that beatniks dig out and sell in bottles to tourist shops. In Gishron Canyon, sticklike figures depicting a camel caravan are carved on the convex walls. Since the canyon is part of the 2,500-year-old Nabatean Arab trail connecting Cairo with Mecca and Yemen, the figures might be of any age. Untouched by wind and rarely streaked by rain, the canyons are natural museums, given life by acacia trees, cacti, and violet thistles.

The desert around Eilat has an awesome quality that makes it a natural locale for God's conversations with Moses, but the town is young. It is not the Biblical Elath, which probably is Aqaba, a mile across the sand in Jordan. Aqaba has water. Eilat has only eighteen tiny neighboring springs, none giving more than a few drops. It was a mud-brick British police post called Umm Rash-Rash when Israel captured it in March of 1949 in the last action of the 1948-1949 war. Israel then possessed a six-mile stretch of beach on the Red Sea, but the first attempts to settle it failed. Few could drink the yellow, brackish water hauled over the desert from Beer Ora and Yotvata. By 1955, when Nasser first

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declared the Gulf of Aqaba closed to Israeli shipping, Eilat had only a few hundred settlers and no port. Ships were unloaded by dory.

It was not until Israel's 1956 Sinai blitz captured Sharm el Sheikh at the outlet of the gulf that Eilat could serve as a port. For the first time it received from Jerusalem and Tel Aviv all the priorities it had previously lacked. Pipelines were pushed through the desert to the Haifa oil refineries. Still, settlers often turned back because they could not drink the water. Only after desalination plants were built in 1963 and 1964 did the town begin to grow to its present population of fifteen thousand.

LAST MAY, Eilat looked at first glance like a Socialist-architecture housing project built on a red-gravel quarry. A few original settlers lived in bungalows. There were no villas and no slums. New buildings were going up all over town. Bearded, shirtless young men cheerfully shoveled sand into cement mixers in 120-degree heat. The lack of humidity and the clean air make the heat a trifling matter.

Visitors' sinuses cleared, knees stopped creaking, and hangovers vanished. Like Alaska before the Second World War, Eilat is sloppy, generous, and tolerant. History and the Holocaust have sent it some damaged psyches, some outcasts, some adventurers, but, above all, tough survivors and individualists. Creating a town on nothing but red gravel had seemed impossible, but here they were. And though Eilat is the most vulnerable town in Israel, cut off from the populated part of the country by 150 miles of desert, nobody was worried about the town's security last May.

Dr. Morris said a telephone line to neighboring Aqaba existed but wasn't used. There were no contacts, official or unofficial, between the two towns at the tip of the gulf. "We would like to be friends with them," the doctor added. "But I don't see how we can, when we see the things they do." In March Dr. Morris had gone to Aqaba to retrieve the body of an eighteen-year-old German beatnik who had walked into Jordan on the beach and been shot down. "They didn't have to shoot him," he said. "He was walking right toward them."

When I asked Noam Issac, editor of Eilat's weekly *Evening to Evening*, what Eilat's biggest problem was, he paused to think it over. I thought he might say security or the oil tankers that were endangering the priceless coral reef. But Issac answered at last: "Our biggest problem is that we need more people. You see, the town's administration has to do everything because of our isolation. It's expensive and uneconomical. The same administration could serve fifty thousand people instead of fifteen thousand. We don't need more land, just more people. They would generate jobs."

About May 14 I came back from skin diving to meet on the road a very angry Vera Glasz, housekeeper

at the Caravan. Her blue eyes blazing, she sailed into me. "Your wife is worried sick! You've been gone hours! Don't you know enough never to swim alone here?" A day or two later Vera seemed much less upset when she announced to us, "The radio says Nasser is sending an armored column across the Sinai." She wasn't sure what it meant, but she didn't think it would be too serious. "We have a crisis every two months."

During the Six Day War tensions rose high in Eilat, but nothing happened. A large armored force was reported in Aqaba, but it didn't move. Three Israeli Nord-Atlas transport planes were assigned to fly all night every night, taking off from Eilat, flying north, and returning to land and taking off again. Eilat's two companies of soldiers milled around in the open to show activity and pantomime a massive buildup.

Blood and Water

Shortly after the war, former President Eisenhower and former Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss offered a suggestion aimed at reconciling the belligerents. It came to be called MEND, Middle East Nuclear Development. It was patterned after another plan discussed in 1964 between President Johnson and Prime Minister Levi Eshkol (and since abandoned for lack of funds) to build a nuclear desalination plant on the Mediterranean in the Ashkelon area that would irrigate central Israel. The Eisenhower-Strauss suggestion was to build three such plants, adding two joint Israel-Arab projects. One of these would be built on the sands between Eilat and Aqaba, providing a river of fresh water running eighty miles downhill to the Dead Sea on the borderline in the Haarava Wadi. It would irrigate land for hundreds of thousands of Israeli and Jordanian settlers and give job priorities to refugees vegetating in the Gaza Strip and in Jordan.

Last October Strauss testified for the $1-billion project before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Howard H. Baker, Jr. (R., Tennessee), had backing for it from fifty-two Senators. But the State Department thought it was premature. "Regional cooperation can advance the cause of peace, but we believe that effective economic cooperation between Israel and the Arab states will have to be founded on political understanding," said a letter to the committee from Assistant Secretary of State William B. Macomber, Jr. Israeli officials agreed with the State Department assessment: "Antagonisms are so deep-seated that we do not believe that hope of economic progress alone is enough to break the political deadlock."

Dr. Yitzhak E. Streifler, co-ordinator of the Israeli-American central Israel desalination project, dismissed MEND out of hand; it tends to preempt his already troubled project. The plant at the Ashkelon site, already surveyed geologically, would produce two hundred megawatts of

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power, Streifler noted. "In Eilat there is no market for such large amounts of power. It might be feasible if there were a large number of energy-consuming chemical plants in the area." Nor in Eilat itself is any thought wasted on MEND. Michel Adler, director of Eilat's desalination plant, gives the same reasons as Dr. Streifler as to why a nuclear station at Eilat is unrealistic. Yet last May, Eilat people thought anything was possible. At that time they welcomed ideas from every quarter.

THE SKY still is blue and cloudless. It's still easy to make acquaintances. Clothes don't make the man: the fellow in jeans on the next stool at the Boat Inn bar might be an international authority on meteorites and space geology, or he might be a bum. Instead of six miles of beach, Eilat now has 130 miles, all the way down to Sharm el Sheikh and Mount Sinai. Amphibious boats and jeeps run tourists past the abandoned Israeli border post at Taba Beach down the Sinai to "the Fjord," a crystal bay, and to Coral Island, a picturesque fortress built by Saladin. Willy Halpert has bought a seventy-foot boat to take thirty-eight scuba divers at a time to explore the Sinai's untouched coast. Most of the beatniks, whose passivity always contrasted with the vitality of the Sabras, are gone, and good riddance, maybe. Biegeleisen is gone too, to Tel Aviv. Nobody has seen Cecil recently. More tourists than ever are arriving, and the Blue Fish has moved to larger quarters. At the Boat Inn, Abraham the cook still serves excellent pork chops known as steaks.

But Eilat's citizens are less happy than they were last May. Part of this is because many of the original pioneers who drank the brackish water are having liver trouble or undergoing kidney or gall-bladder operations. But there is unrest and dissatisfaction, too.

Recently infiltrators from Jordan fired two bazooka shells at the desalination plant, near a dozen oil-storage tanks, and escaped back into Jordan. This year mortar shells were lobbed both ways over the Jordan border for the first time. Israeli reservists used to serve thirty days a year. Now it's ninety days.

One hears more often that kibbutz life is palling. Three new settlements up north in the Golan Heights used up a large number of the pioneer-inclined youth. Victors naturally feel there should be some fruits of victory, and the kibbutz doesn't always swing.

Israel needs above all *Aliyah*—voluntary relocation there of Jews from all over the world—especially immigration from developed western nations. The current goal is twenty thousand western immigrants a year.

This winter I met a number of young American, British, and French Jews looking Israel over. I didn't meet any who had made up their minds to stay. A young Frenchman, whose wealthy father insisted he try kibbutz life, said he found the Sabras brash and involved with themselves. "They don't welcome outsiders, and they have no *savoir vivre*." Jean, a New York girl, found herself gravitating toward the international div-

ers at Coral Beach instead of Israelis, and said, "Well, I guess I'll go back to social work in New York."

Peter, who came to Israel as a child after the 1956 Hungarian revolt and fought his way up the Golan Heights into Syria in the Six Day War's most difficult engagement, is emigrating to the United States. Sarah, the curio salesgirl at the Caravan, is marrying an architect and migrating to Canada, on the grounds that there is no architecture in Eilat. The feeling of unlimited potential and impending boom in Eilat has vanished.

AT THE BEGINNING of this year, Israel was consolidating on the basis of its present borders: the Golan Heights, the Jordan River, and the Suez Canal. It has begun moving Gaza Strip refugees to the West Bank territory, apparently going ahead with establishing an autonomous Arab community there (probably to be surrounded, in that Israeli settlements are contemplated along the Jordan River). The West Bank Arabs, separated from Jordan, are to be converted to allies by better schools, higher living standards, and benevolent domination. A government spokesman said, "Peace would be best, but what we have is a very good alternative."

Defense Minister Moshe Dayan believes that his old adversary Nasser will attack some day, because he must, and that he will be beaten again. Dayan believes this will happen no matter what policy Israel follows. So, repeatedly in speeches, he asks the great powers, including the Soviet Union and France, to keep their noses out.

The feeling of "Israel against the world" has returned in some degree. Israel won the war alone. All the advice it received from allies was bad. If it had been followed, Israel would have had to wait until Iraqi and Algerian reinforcements were in place and Egypt's twenty-five strategic Tupolev TU-16 bombers were in the air aimed at Israel's handful of airstrips. Outside suggestions are no longer in demand.

Israel's hardheaded realists proved so right last June that more conciliatory forces are swinging into line or at least holding their tongues. (Occasionally cartoons and editorials in *Ma'ariv* seem to ask the great powers to pressure Israel for its own good.) At the moment Israelis generally are convinced that the Arab nations won't be able to do anything to them in this century, and policy is following this conviction. Dayan believes the daily sabotage incidents can be controlled and eventually will be abandoned.

In 1969 a new forty-two-inch oil pipeline, another product of the war, will begin operation in Eilat. Instead of three million tons of oil yearly, the new pipeline will have a capacity of sixty million tons. At present, a plastic apron is floated one hundred yards around unloading tankers to protect nearby Coral Beach. But it won't work when two tankers a day must be unloaded. Farther down the Sinai there are some clumps of coral, but nothing like the unique conditions of doomed Coral Beach.

With victory, easygoing Eilat is falling on hard times.

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Some Uncharitable Thoughts On Thespian Matters

SAREL EIMERL

SAN FRANCISCO

ACCORDING to its director, William Ball, the American Conservatory Theater is the only company in the United States that is attempting to provide year-round repertory. This effort obviously requires a great deal of resolution, and on that point the company certainly cannot be faulted. In its first season, which ran for twenty-two weeks last spring and summer, ACT gave 296 performances, embracing sixteen productions; in its second season, which opened last October, it is planning to put on thirty-one productions and play for forty weeks.

The company has made a considerable impact on night life in San Francisco, and many of its productions have been fun to watch. But to me the principal interest of the whole business has lain in what it has revealed about the current condition of the live theatre in the United States, and about the attitude of the public toward it.

ACT launched its endeavor under highly favorable auspices. Back in 1966, San Francisco's leading repertory theatre, the Actor's Workshop, went broke for lack of public support. ACT was formed in 1965 in Pittsburgh. In 1966 it played at Palo Alto and scouts from San Francisco brought back ecstatic accounts of its prowess. These accounts helped persuade the city fathers to offer the company financial support, and they also produced an atmosphere of enthusiastic anticipation, made all the sweeter by the faint echo of a petulant theme that is often sounded out here when the cultivated get together.

"*We* may have the Bay, but *they* have the culture." So runs the refrain. "They," naturally, is New York. *We* do have our own symphony. *We* also have two months of opera, which, frankly, is quite enough. But *our* theatre is close to negligible, and that makes *their* theatre a particularly sore point. What resentment surged through San Francisco when Herb Blau and Jules Irving deserted the Actor's Workshop for Lincoln Center! What vengeful joy when they fell on their faces! But now, with Broadway al-

most defunct aesthetically, and Lincoln Center recumbent by every standard, if only ACT would work out. . . .

WELL, you can imagine the excitement. One of the two theatres taken over by ACT had been long unused and was far sunk in decay. With unquiet pride, the press reported that volunteers were streaming in to help clean and polish it for the great day. It was Dunkirk and the taxis of the Marne all over again. But I was even more impressed by the enthusiasm with which the company itself stood to the task: *Tartuffe, Man and Superman, Long Day's Journey Into Night, Beyond the Fringe, Death of a Salesman, Our Town, The Seagull, Tiny Alice, Dear Liar, Charley's Aunt, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Under Milk Wood, Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape.* For one young company, staffed almost entirely by performers of little experience, to attempt so varied and international a selection struck me as a highly optimistic enterprise.

In my judgment, the performances demonstrated that the company's reach had far exceeded its grasp. It did have some triumphs. Its *Tartuffe* was superb, largely because of an astonishing performance by René Auberjonois, a greatly gifted clown who has since, unfortunately, left for New York. He did almost as well playing Jonathan Miller's part in *Beyond the Fringe* and Fancourt Babberley in *Charley's Aunt. Six Characters in Search of an Author*, an extremely difficult play to pull off, was another excellent production, and I very much enjoyed *Dear Liar*, an amiable light comedy based on the letters between Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is only fair to add that the company's productions of *Tiny Alice, Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and *Endgame* were also very well received; not only by the local reviewers, whose testimony, for reasons I will explain later, struck me as prejudiced and probably perjured, but also by plenty of people who had no reason to misrepresent their true feelings. Still there were some stinging criticisms, and this season they have grown more common. Last season, the company's repertory included several plays on which it had been working for years and which had reached a stage of high polish. This year, it has felt obliged to expand that repertory sharply, and at least two of the new productions, *Twelfth Night* and *Thieves' Carnival*, have prompted comment that the public is being charged to watch what are really early rehearsals.

Mr. Ball is a vigorous and dedicated man and he also seems to be honest. He has made no attempt to deny these charges. Instead, by admitting them, he has gone straight to the heart of the problem that confronts his company, as it must all other repertory companies in the United States. If ACT is to attract and hold competent performers, it must offer them year-round employ-

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ment. To do this, it must put on at least thirty productions. For the statistics appear to show that the number of people who want to watch ACT is equal to about one-thirtieth of the number of seats that have to be filled. Thus, even allowing for the substantial support it is getting from foundations, ACT must either win a substantially bigger audience or put on inadequately rehearsed productions.

Except for New York, where repertory is languishing for its own special reasons, I should think the Bay Area contains as many people who want to watch live theatre as any other metropolis in the United States. It therefore seems to me that the ACT experiment constitutes a test case that will show very clearly just how much chance any repertory theatre with pretensions to quality has of surviving in the United States. This naturally depends, first of all, on how much satisfaction the company can provide. In my opinion, I am sorry to say, the answer is: not much.

LEAVING ASIDE the issue of how competent or otherwise the performances might be, there is plenty wrong with the plays. It is twenty years or more since I have seen some of the more elderly exhibits, and I was amazed at how rickety, obvious, and uninspired most of them, and especially the comedies, now appear. *Man and Superman* seemed to me at eighteen to be a masterpiece of wit and paradox. Now it displayed itself as a fatiguing series of repetitions on two themes; that woman, not man, is the hunter, and that sensual pleasures pall more quickly than intellectual ones. I do not know if grown people considered these notions original or interesting sixty years ago, but now they came across as stupefyingly dull. *Tartuffe*, another of my adolescent enthusiasms, though great fun because of Auberjonois' clowning, struck me now as being in itself a tiresome moralistic fable, expressed through a simple-minded plot, sustained by a series of antique stage japes, and played out not by individual characters but by representations of the standard medieval Virtues and Vices. And *Charley's Aunt*, one of ACT's big hits, put me in mind of those custard-pie-throwing one-reelers that one watches now in boredom and bewilderment, wondering how any audiences anywhere could possibly have thought them hilarious.

I was at first inclined to blame the company's managers for picking such dreary material, but reflection has convinced me they are not to blame. Any repertory company would naturally want to include examples of several different theatrical periods and styles. But what could ACT have picked instead of, say, *Tartuffe? The School for Scandal? The Country Wife? She Stoops to Conquer?* They all suffer from weak plots, prolix dialogue, and infantile moralizing. How they strain and groan, as the playwrights set about building and developing their situations. To what desperate devices are the poor fellows reduced to restrict their action into one or a few sets! And the characters, popping in and out just as they are needed, make me think of the figures in old Swiss clocks, who emerge as the chimes strike, turn, bow to each other, and then disappear behind the woodwork.

It is true that the plays written since 1940 do not suffer from the same defects, but in their own ways they are equally depressing. Thus, Arthur Miller's superb and exceptional *Death of a Salesman* has been performed so often that any theatre enthusiast can anticipate many of the lines. *Under Milk Wood* may be splendid, rousing poetry. But it is not a drama. It is not even a narrative. It is merely an assemblage of descriptive passages. And *Tiny Alice* is a noxious stew of meaningless symbols, allegories, and metaphors. It is typical of Albee's affectations, pretentiousness, and vacuousness.

FORTUNATELY, the tedium of most of the evenings spent watching ACT was balanced by the mental stimulation provided by the reviews. I can't say the reviewers displayed much imagination; any regular reader of drama reviews could have prophesied the general tone. But they did display enthusiasm. Except for a reservation here and there, they greeted ACT with litanies that would have been more appropriate to the Second Coming. The reviews were so vehement that they seemed to me to go comfortably beyond simple expressions of aesthetic opinion, and this suspicion received support from the stand taken by the editorial writers. It was unequivocal. The public had a positive civic duty to support ACT. Two years earlier, despite all the admonitions of the reviewers and the editorial writers, the public had impudently permitted the Actor's Workshop to disband. Now it was being offered another chance. San Francisco is, or ought to be, a center of culture. Tradition has ordained that the live theatre is among culture's most admired representatives. Therefore, in deference to the city's civic virtue, ACT must flourish.

This attitude, that culture and live theatre are somehow synonymous, was marvelously expressed some months ago by Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale School of Drama. "A country without a theatre," he wrote, "is a country without a soul." There you have it, *tout court*. I suppose Mr. Brustein must stand in despair of all the soulless clods in San Francisco who have been giving ACT so much trouble. For my part, I am on the side of the clods, since I believe that live theatre is about as important to a country's soul as cable cars. True, this belief springs from aesthetic prejudice. I do not like live theatre. But this should not prevent a man from discoursing on the subject. Max Beerbohm didn't like it either, and he said so; and there is a lot more reason to be dissatisfied with live theatre now than there was in his day.

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It is, I think, worth recalling that the theatre flourished in a period, lasting from about 2000 B.C. to 1925, when anyone who wanted to spend a few hours watching a show had almost no alternative. Nor did the theatre itself have much to offer, as one can see by glancing over the possibilities presented to Theseus as alternatives to *Pyramus and Thisbe* (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1, 44-60); farcical as it is, the passage offers a somber insight into the limitations of theatrical enterprise. But fifty years or so ago, the movies began to flourish; and since then, in my opinion, they have brought the live theatre close to being an obsolete art form—in the sense that the masque or the madrigal is obsolete. Most movies may be bad. They may be awful. Certainly most are quite as simple-minded as *Tartuffe* and not as well written. But they do move at a speed and cover a range to which our eyes and brains have grown accustomed, and which make the conventions, the dialogue, and the action of the stage seem slow, labored, and often just plain silly.

THE RISE of the cinema has also led to a serious decline in the standard of performance on the stage; and the result has been that the theatre does not even manage to fulfill such potential as the movies have left to it. This explains why to offer general comments and predictions about the theatre and to base them, even if only in part, on the productions of a young, provincial group like ACT is not as presumptuous as it might seem. I will happily concede that there are a few plays so brilliant that they defy the limitations of the stage; and that a good cast performing one of them—*Othello* perhaps, or *The Way of the World*, or *The Seagull*—can create an impact no movie can match. Live performers can be more moving, more exciting, and very much funnier than anything on film.

They can be, but they rarely are, especially in the United States. Possibly it is harder to sustain a good performance on the stage than it is to satisfy the piece-by-piece requirements of the camera. And obviously movies have the advantage that bad takes can be thrown away. However, the technical problems of stage acting do not seem to have inflicted much damage on the level of acting in London. I therefore conclude that the superiority of movie over stage acting in the United States is due almost entirely to the fact that the better performers—like the better directors and writers—prefer to work in movies. Possibly this is because they feel they can do better work on film, or because they enjoy more variety, or a larger audience. And just possibly it is because they can earn far more money.

THIS ISSUE of the relative merits of working in the theatre or the movie—or television—has produced an enormous amount of hypocrisy. How often do we hear actors and

actresses, and some directors and writers, moaning about the filthy commercialism of Hollywood. How eagerly they proclaim their desire to return to the stage, where acting is really acting, and art is treated with respect. But how very few of them do return, once they have moved on to movies or to television. For several years I have been keeping a watching brief on Broadway cast lists, and it has shown that with very few exceptions, most of them in musicals, the only American performers who appear on the stage are those who have not been offered good movie or television contracts, who are between contracts, or who have been put out to pasture.

The performers' hypocrisy has been matched by that of our self-appointed guardians of the public culture. Their reluctance to face up to the truth is really remarkable. Every year, for the past fifteen years at least, Broadway has become more pitifully inept. For several years, most of such quality as it still retains has been provided by plays and performers imported from Britain, where stage acting is still considered a desirable occupation for the competent. And who is blamed for the decline in theatrical standards on Broadway, and for the collapse of public interest? The unions for making extravagant wage demands? The producers because of their lust for hits? The critics for being venomous?

To offer such explanations is about as sensible as blaming the decline of the horse as a means of transportation on the high prices charged by blacksmiths and the desire of some racehorse owners to win the Kentucky Derby. Only a stubborn refusal to recognize that conditions have altered in the past forty years could produce such absurdly strained explanations. The reality is much simpler. The movies and the desertion of the American theatre by its own most successful practitioners have combined to make it an outmoded bore. It has nothing to offer except revivals, usually badly performed; adaptations of successful books; and the obscurantist nonsense that remains available to the theatre only because the cinema, very sensibly, is not interested in buying it. The public naturally does not want to be bothered with such dreary stuff, and won't be, however persistently it is hectored.

I suggest that we would all be very much better off if those who arrogate to themselves the right to advise the public on how to spend its money were to free themselves from a blind adherence to standards that passed away about fifty years ago. We would also be better off if people who enjoy the theatre would drop their assumptions that it is somehow synonymous with virtue, and that people who enjoy it are superior to those who don't. When everyone acknowledges that taste in entertainment is taste and nothing more, it will at least become pos-

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sible to appraise the prospects of the live theatre realistically.

For it does have prospects. There are obviously quite a lot of people who do enjoy watching live performers, and there is no reason why they should not be permitted their innocent pleasures. In my view, the live theatre will never succeed in attracting a large audience, and I believe that Mr. Ball's noble attempt to win substantial popular support in San Francisco is doomed. Still, despite my reservations about ACT, I think the company points the way to the future.

I do not see how the commercial theatre can continue for long to defy the public's indifference, and I foresee the time drawing near when the only new theatrical works to be produced commercially will be musicals that their backers want to test out before deciding whether to hazard the millions needed to make the movies. Otherwise, the theatre seems well on its way toward a peaceful retirement in which, as a living relic, it will share the position now occupied by the opera. Every few years a new *Streetcar* or *Death of a Salesman*, commissioned and financed by a foundation, may prove a success and be added to the repertory. But it will perform mainly old favorites. Most of them will be the masterpieces that soar above the restrictions of the stage, and even those which are marred by moronic plots or theatrical wheezes will not disturb the spectators. For clumsiness, simple-mindedness, and absurdities that would be intolerable in a living, dynamic art form will be accepted as charming anachronisms, in the same spirit with which opera audiences accept that curious business about the babies in *Il Trovatore*. Like the operagoers of today, the theatregoers of the future will be people who never tire of the fine, familiar old lines—or who at least think they shouldn't. They will be going to watch their favorite performers playing again in the grand old roles from Shakespeare or Ibsen, in Chekhov or Kaufman and Hart. It will all have as little to do with contemporary life as bell ringing. But then, the sound of church bells is pleasant and the world would be the poorer without it.

Terra Firma

Broader based than a city block,
more high than an old mansion and more worn,
this rock
thrusts out of New England, a gray
giant, half born
to sunlight and clear day.
An icecap smothered it
for eons. Here I sit.

Over its bulk of many-stoned
amalgam, which the glacier's brutal kiss
has honed
to pink faces, flat, upturned, dumb—
over all this
an ant creeps with a crumb.
Dark scratches back and forth,
compasslike, still point north.

Some maples lift their leaves nearby,
skeletons decked in spring-green fineries—
lift high
their tips of life, now warmed and new,
to the chill breeze
and the sky's ancient blue—
the sky there, so much older
than even this huge boulder—

but now how mild we find it grown.
Who can imagine the long glacier's creep?
Great stone,
when mountainous dark ice and snow
fasten you deep
once more, no one will know
how hard the slow North's grip
grinds over your great lip.

—RICHARD MOORE

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BOOKS

'To the United States'

JONATHAN KAPSTEIN

THE NEW AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH, by Louis Heren. *Harper & Row. $7.95.*

"You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
Thank God, the British journalist,
But seeing what unbribed he'll do,
There's really no occasion to."

Notwithstanding this verse, the *Times* of London always has kept its reputation for perceptive, authoritative reporting. Perhaps its only major low point was reached during the appeasement days of the 1930's. When the veil of anonymity was raised a few years ago and by-lines began to be used in the *Times,* the name of Louis Heren became widely known for finely written dispatches from Washington, where he is the *Times's* chief correspondent.

Now, following in the path of British literary fascination with America—a path previously trod by Dickens, Marryat, and Lord Bryce—Heren has written an examination of the American political system that takes its title and concept from Viscount Bryce's *The American Commonwealth,* which first appeared in 1888 and has been reprinted steadily ever since as a major work on U.S. political institutions. Whereas Bryce's approach was encyclopedic, however, Heren takes a surveyor's view and charts the main boundary lines of the flow of power and politics with true directness. As he says in his introduction, his book is not so much an updating of Bryce as a report on how America's political institutions have responded to post-depression, post-Second World War involvement with itself and with international affairs.

THE MAJOR CHANGE in American government since Bryce's day has been the development of a national security policy. While Heren covers the whole range of American political life, fully a third of his book is on a subject that Bryce never touched —national security policy and the U.S. armed services, along with the President's role in military and security affairs.

Heren concludes that all such security-affairs power flows directly from the President, despite statutes that spread the authority to Congress. Indeed, Heren proposes a theory that "The modern American Presidency makes sense as a political system only when it is seen to be a latter-day version of a British medieval monarchy. . . . " He sees the President, Congress, and the Supreme Court as directly analogous to the monarch, the barons, and the Church. He even sees the assertion of the divine right of kings paralleled by the "almost mystical connection between the Presidency and the people of the United States, who are the sole source of American power," while conceding that presidential authority can be insecure in the same way that divine right did not help weak kings. The theory is stimulating and makes explicable a number of the minor power struggles that rage ceaselessly in Washington. It does make sense, for example, to see Senator Robert F. Kennedy as attempting to grasp the mantle of succession in medieval style. The junior Senator from New York certainly sits as an American prince among his own entourage.

In contending that his view explains more of the American system than an approach through the Constitution, Heren points out that the bounds of power of a modern President are unlimited, including, in this day and age, the power of nuclear life and death. The President's large personal staff is similar to medieval royal households and the several thousand senior government officials appointed by the President serve at his pleasure. Not only is the power structure comparable to that of the earlier English kings, the trappings are also similar. Heren describes the Secret Servicemen as "beefeaters with crewcuts and button-down shirts." The White House, he adds, is "as accessible as a medieval court," with courtiers and supplicants moving through the halls.

In any case, Heren's conceit does not interfere with his ability to explain the workings of government. It does not, in fact, require the reader to accept it in order to appreciate the book. Instead, Heren is ready to point out inconsistencies in the parallel, which raises the suspicion that he's having just a bit of fun eyeing President Johnson as a King Richard. So, despite Heren's closely reasoned and witty brief for his theory, I remain unconvinced of its validity.

HEREN is at his best describing the flow of power in the Executive branch. His explanation of the growth of the powers of security advisers and of the history and authority of the cabinet are master examples of a good newsman's insight. Heren makes his own list of presidential components, adding the CIA and the FBI to the formal, legal list of governmental units directly under the President. The link between the CIA and the presidency is obvious because the agency acts under the National Security Council with a

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budget unknown even to most members of Congress. The link between the presidency and the FBI is less obvious but exists in the authority of the FBI to investigate alleged violations of Federal laws. When a President so wishes, he can use the FBI as a personal investigating agent, as when men from the bureau conducted an investigation into possible collusion among steel officials who President Kennedy felt had treated him with contempt.

Turning to Congress, Heren describes its current weaknesses and makes a long, careful comparison with the British House of Commons. Commons emerges as both a more powerful and more democratic institution. In fact, Parliament also emerges as the more modern of the two, while Congressmen are seen as the medieval barons whose primary interest is in their own fiefdoms and with whom the monarch-President must tread carefully if he is to achieve legislative goals. Heren concludes that Congress lacks the ability to exercise much positive power, serving mostly as a brake. Heren himself told me, "What dismays me is how difficult it is for the will of the people to get through. What makes the United States appear such a conservative country is how long it takes major legislation to pass what appears to be the fear of a simple majority in Congress."

As for the Supreme Court, Bryce saw it as the institution he most favored, and Heren regards it as a political unit most successful in reinterpreting an eighteenth-century document drawn for thirteen primitive seaboard states into an instrument able to meet the needs of the world's greatest power. The Supreme Court, he says, also has been successful in providing answers for problems that other branches of government are unable or unwilling to deal with. Above all, Heren says, the greatest success achieved by the court in its modern phase has been the assertion and defense of individual liberties. Heren notes that it is concerned with the welfare of the individual as the medieval Church was concerned with the individual soul.

HEREN started his career as a reporter in the late 1930's on the *East London Observer*, a weekly with six pages in English and two in Yiddish. The paper was bombed out in the blitz and never restarted. In the meantime, Heren was off first to serve king and country in France, Italy, and Burma and later to serve the *Times* in the Near East, Far East, Europe, and America. His obvious sympathy for the freedom of the individual and his insights into the personalities behind bureaucracies may well stem from these early days of intimate reporting contact with the poor but fiercely independent East Londoners.

Certainly, in considering the bureaucracies of the State Department, the Defense Department, and the National Security Council, Heren is less concerned with their statutory organization than with how the men in charge actually act and interact and how the President keeps a tight grip on their workings, shutting out Congress in the process. Heren notes and documents the diminishing power of the Secretary of State since Bryce's day, ironically at a time when the United States has come to play a predominant role in world affairs. In treating that modern labyrinth the Defense Department, Heren is excellent in describing the formation of the so-called "think tanks," the RAND Corporation and the Hudson Institute, in an attempt by the military, as Heren quotes General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, "to get the best brains and turn them loose" on the future. Heren credits the U.S. armed forces with possessing a remarkable degree of professionalism in the midst of a society traditionally suspicious of the military. The military, meanwhile, respond and report to the President, so much so that in this day of instant communication the President has been known to direct the actions of a single company.

Of the limits on the all-powerful President, Heren says:

"It is not much of an exaggeration to say that the main limits to Presidential authority in national security affairs can be found in the direct relationship he establishes with the American people. This is one reason why the President can be more interested in the latest public opinion polls than in the *Congressional Record*. First, there is the widespread belief that only the President has all the necessary information to formulate policy and make decisions. This acceptance of omniscience and omnipotence, both rather surprising in a political democracy, is the President's strongest and most comforting support."

AN EASY, witty style is an attribute Heren shares with Bryce. Bryce's illustrative anecdotes include this personal favorite of mine from his section on state and local government, an epitaph on a Harvard graduate from South Carolina, "who bore the name of State Rights Gist, baptized so to speak into Calhounism. He rose to be a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army and fell in the Civil War." Not to be outdone, Heren is not above referring to excise-tax reductions for manufacturers of hearses as "perhaps a vital aid for a dying industry." In the same way, Heren has used in his book a phrase from one of his dispatches during the 1964 presidential campaign when he described the Southwest as "these rectangular states with tenuous connections to older civilizations," a description that Heren claims infuriated Barry Goldwater.

Heren indeed can stand side by side with Bryce. When Bryce's book appeared, it was so novel and comprehensive that its reviewers included Lord Acton and Woodrow Wilson. Lead reviews appeared in the New York *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Tribune*. In addition to the long list of major magazines reviewing it in the United States and abroad, the *Yale Review* and the *Nation* in this country and the *Spectator* in England even devoted two reviews to it. Bryce still is as valuable as ever to an understanding of this nation, its people, and its government, but his book has become more and more a historical reference work. Heren's perceptive and readable analysis is current public-affairs writing that does not replace Bryce but complements him. In the imposing Cabinet Room of the White House, the shelves are sprinkled with books out on what one presumes are long-term loans from the Library of Congress. Among these books is a worn two-volume set of Bryce. It is entirely possible that Heren's sympathetic work—dedicated "To the United States"—will be placed on those shelves as well.

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Soldiers and Statesmen

GORDON A. CRAIG

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR OF 1914-1918, by Sir Llewellyn Woodward. *Methuen. (U.S. Distributors: Barnes & Noble. $13.50.)*

On the first day of the Battle of the Somme in July, 1916, more than one thousand officers and twenty thousand men of the British Expeditionary Force were killed, fatally wounded, or reported missing, and over 1,300 officers and 34,000 other ranks were wounded. As a result, the British advanced about a mile on a three-and-a-half-mile front.

Not unnaturally, the British government was shocked by these figures and, as the losses continued to mount in the weeks that followed without any prospect of a breakthrough materializing, it remonstrated with the commander-in-chief in France, Sir Douglas Haig. He answered with the kind of argument which was to become very familiar to readers of communiqués as the war continued (and which is not entirely unfamiliar to students of more recent operations). The Somme battle, he pointed out, had relieved pressure on other parts of the Allied line and had diverted enemy resources from other fronts. At the same time, by proving that Britain could mount an offensive in the main theatre of war and drive the cream of enemy troops from their positions, it had had positive psychological effects and had convinced doubting Thomases of Britain's will to victory. Most important, the attacks had used up thirty per cent of the enemy's divisions, so that, in another six weeks, he "should be hard put to find men. . . . The maintenance of a steady offensive pressure will result eventually in his complete overthrow."

The government was not convinced by this response, but its members felt incapable of rejecting it and insisting on a new strategical and operational approach to the conflict. War had become such a vast and complicated business that civilian statesmen were disinclined to challenge the authority of those in uniform, partly because they were conscious of their own lack of expert knowledge, partly because they were uncomfortably aware of the respect bordering upon awe that was accorded to the soldiers by public opinion. In the fall of 1916, therefore, Haig got the men and supplies that he wanted for new offensives and, despite growing governmental doubts, continued to do so until the bitter end. His victory over statesmen whose hesitations were entirely justified illustrates what was perhaps the most revolutionary development caused by the conflict of 1914-1918: namely, the tendency of war to cease to be an instrument of policy wielded by the responsible political leadership of the state and to become instead the determinant of policy, amenable to no control except the laws of its own being.

The way in which this happened in Germany has long been a familiar story, although it has been rehearsed recently, with embellishments, by the Hamburg historian Fritz Fischer and by the late Gerhard Ritter in his magisterial study *Staatskunst und Kriegshandwerk*. The British experience is now admirably described by Sir Llewellyn Woodward, formerly Professor of Modern History at Oxford University and Professor Emeritus of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. To his task he has brought not only the authority gained by a lifelong study of war and politics but also the personal experience of having served in Flanders and at Salonika and of having shared both the initial idealism and the growing disenchantment of his war generation.

Like many of the junior officers of the First World War, Woodward had (and still has) little respect for the military establishment with which Britain started the war. This was not so much because they were not ready for the war they had to fight, although it is certainly true that, unlike their antagonists, they had paid singularly little attention to Browning's definition of their mission: "Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art."

The trouble was really that, after the inadequacy of their preparations had become clear, they failed to act intelligently and swiftly to repair the damage. Within the first weeks of the war, Woodward points out, the military authorities should have realized that the provision of steel helmets would reduce the number of head wounds from shrapnel. Yet it was only in the fall of 1915, after much dilatory and halfhearted experimentation, that orders were sent to France for fifty helmets per battalion, and British factories did not go into helmet production until November. In the same way, although the value of the trench mortar had been proved in the Russo-Japanese War, the British Army was not supplied with this weapon when hostilities began, and the first order for one thousand Stokes mortars was not placed until the second year of the war.

EVEN more serious was the fact that, although attacking infantry in 1914 had to cross zones of fire with relatively less protection than they had had in the seventeenth century, the military leadership showed little imagination or energy in exploring means of correcting this situation. The "idea of using mechanism against mechanism—armoured machines against machine guns—had not occurred to [Haig]" until Churchill mentioned continuing experiments with tanks in December, 1915. Haig was interested, but not to the extent of urging large-scale production, and he came close to giving the secret of the tank to the enemy before his own army had enough armor to gain advantage from it. Luckily, Haig's first employment of tanks in September, 1916, was so badly managed that the Germans were not impressed and did not proceed with urgency to institute a program of their own.

These failures of imagination in the field of production and of strategy should of course have been corrected by the Prime Minister and his cabinet colleagues, but, for reasons already alluded to, this did not happen. Britain's first wartime Prime Minister, Asquith, was a man who disliked violence and who preferred to leave decisions affecting its employment to those whose profession

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it was to practice it. His successor, David Lloyd George, had a contempt for generals equal to that of Clemenceau as well as the wit to see the supreme illogic of their kind of war, but his will to interfere with their designs was always lamed by political calculation. He might say to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, "I will not drive thousands to slaughter like cattle!"; but when there was a choice between that possibility and firing Haig, he was shrewd enough to realize that to do the latter might lead to public demands for his own resignation.

Besides, as Woodward shows in his not unsympathetic view of Lloyd George, the choice was not as simple as all that. To dismiss Haig at any time in 1917 or 1918 would have dismayed all of Britain's friends and allies and would have been regarded by the Germans as a sure sign of victory. And, when all was said and done, who could be sure that Haig's predictions of victory would not come true—next time? For these reasons, the soldiers were permitted to go on making the decisions and the war of attrition continued until one of the opposing machines simply ground down and stopped.

To emphasize the civil-military problem in this way is to run the risk of giving a false impression of this enormously rich and comprehensive book. It is, first of all, a history of the fighting, and, although Woodward has restricted himself for the most part to the British share in this, his descriptions of operations on the Western Front are as good as anything we have had since C.R.M.F. Cruttwell's *History of the Great War*. In addition, this volume includes chapters on other theatres in which British troops were engaged, accounts of the naval operations and the war in the air, and a careful treatment of the administrative aspects of the war, particularly of the evolution of the Supreme Command.

On the domestic side, there are some notable omissions—virtually nothing is said, for instance, about the Irish problem—but these are more than offset by the thoroughness with which the author has dealt with party politics in England and problems of economic mobilization.

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In his chapters on production, shipping, labor problems, rationing, and finance, he admits "the slowness and somewhat haphazard nature" of the change to the conditions of total war but adds that the striking thing is that the extension of state control was accepted so readily by a government and people historically and psychologically opposed to state interference. In the end the British were always willing to face up to the tasks and the burdens made necessary by the war, no matter how unpleasant or onerous they might be. That is one reason why, to give only one example, Britain did a better job of financing the war by taxes than any of the other European belligerents.

On the larger issues of the conflict —those of war guilt and atonement for it—Woodward does not hestitate to make clear that years of study have confirmed his wartime opinion that Germany and its allies bore the greatest share of responsibility for the coming of the war and deserved to be punished because of this. That the Treaty of Versailles became "an object of contempt as well as of dishonour" in Great Britain, with tragic results for the western democracies, he attributes to "the clamorous and efficiently organized self-pity of German propaganda" and the support given it by publicists like John Maynard Keynes, who, without fully realizing it, were laying the basis for a conflict infinitely more destructive than the one described in these pages.

Mr. Brady, I Believe...

DEREK MORGAN

BEYOND BELIEF, by Emlyn Williams. *Random House. $5.95.*

It is puzzling to see how countries and their citizens develop blind spots that remain invulnerable to exposure and proof. How, for instance, is it possible for an Englishman or a Frenchman to visit the United States, become accustomed to a telephone system that works, and then return home uncomplaining and meek before the flaming idiocies of the telephone service in his own country? How, on the other hand, is it possible for Americans to visit Europe and enjoy the comparatively incredible efficiency of the mail services of France or Britain and come back here without demanding the immediate retirement of everyone concerned with the United States Post Office Department? The list is long: our highways versus their ancient clogged sheep paths; their metro and tube versus our foul and filthy subways; our electrical system, our central heating and plumbing. . . .

I SEEM to be running up too much of a lead for our side. I can restore the balance with dispatch, however, by using one example that outweighs a good deal of others. Let's talk about crime.

Those who have read of the "moors murders" case in England a few years ago will not need to be reminded of its details. Those who have not must presumably have made a conscious decision not to read about it, for it was reported succulently by newspapers and magazines throughout the world. In any case, there is no need to restate it at length here, other than to say that the affair was among the most degenerate crimes on record. By comparison, Truman Capote's celebrated *In Cold Blood* murderers were a couple of naughty headstrong boys who suffered from an excess of adrenalin one night.

Perhaps the most terrifying thing about the moors murderers as described by Williams is their normality. (And in this regard it is interesting to note that one of Williams's early plays, *Night Must Fall*, dealt with an almost equally "normal" excursion into horror.) Ian Brady, a clerk, and Myra Hindley, a secretary, went about the humdrum affairs of their humdrum lives as man-and-woman-in-the-streetish as you please for two and a half years. They were rather a dull couple, to judge from Williams's account: working-class and unambitious and indistinguishable from millions of others.

With two exceptions. For one thing, though unmarried, they were lovers, and in civilized society it's really not done to pop into bed together out of wedlock. Their other digression from the norm was hardly anything to think twice about, more of a hobby than anything else: every so often they would spend a weekend amusing themselves by obtaining a youth (its sex was immaterial), carefully chopping it to bits with an ax, and making tape recordings of its dying screams. When the fun was over they would gather everything up and bury it out on the moors. Then up with the jolly old lark on Monday mornings for bacon and eggs and toast and marmalade and off to work as usual.

IT IS TEMPTING, possibly unfair but tempting, to say that this is the sort of murderers the English seem to have a special knack for producing. Other countries have supplied their share of mass killers, from compulsive poisoners in France to our own heroes of the Golden West. But in England there seems to be a recurring strain of absolutely ordinary people living quiet, respectable suburban lives who have a shadow over their souls that breeds methodical and completely unemotional slaughter: the owlish Mr. Christie, the rather dashing Mr. Haigh—it is even possible to surmise that the most awful figure in all the annals of crime, Jack the Ripper himself, might have been a retiring, rather finical gentleman, perhaps given to poetry reading and cribbage of a Sunday afternoon, after making a generous contribution to the church collection plate in the morning.

And it is here that we are left stunned and uncomprehending. The Boston Strangler (if it really *is* him they've got) has at least been in a mental institution, and that gives us some firm ground to stand on: "The man is mad—what can you expect?" Richard Speck, the killer of eight nurses in Chicago, the Texas sniper, the *Cold Blood* pair—all these indulged in sudden crazed outbursts. But what can we possibly make of England's astonishing gallery of bleak mysteries of humanity who went about their special interests as dispassionately as if they were slicing tomatoes, yet were judged to be

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sane? They are, as Williams says, beyond belief.

AND YET . . . *are* they? And who are we not to believe? If anyone can give some insight into the matter, it should be you and me and two hundred million Americans. To the rest of the world, we too are beyond belief, and it is difficult not to assume that in years to come we shall be studied with the same fascinated awe that Williams has brought to bear on the moors killers. For it is good old normal you and me and the society we live in so happily that provide the ultimate in fantastic crime.

After all, where else in the world is a chief of state assassinated on an average of every twenty-five years? (For that matter, when *was* the last murder of a chief of state in France? Britain? Japan? Germany? . . .) And who since the blood-mad days of the Caesars can match our record of at least *attempting* to assassinate three out of our previous four? Who else has seen murder live on television screens? Where else in human history has organized crime been beyond any comparison the biggest business in the entire economy? (General Motors and U.S. Steel rolled into one is a midget beside it.) Where else are city parks arenas of fear and mayhem after sunset? Where else are women throughout a city terrified to answer their doorbells? Where else are muggings, rapes, and murders in the thousands part of the unquestioned fabric of day-to-day life?

This litany of terror is absolutely unheard of in any other country on the face of the earth today, "civilized" or uncivilized, and our matter-of-fact acceptance of it as part of our communal way of life is as unique and chillingly "beyond belief" as any individual horror in the history of the macabre and the inexplicable.

ASSUMING good behavior, the moors killers could theoretically at least be out of prison and free as birds while still only in their early forties. Just think, if we could get them over here and waive those ridiculously anachronistic rules about "criminals" not being eligible for citizenship, they could be good Americans before they were fifty!

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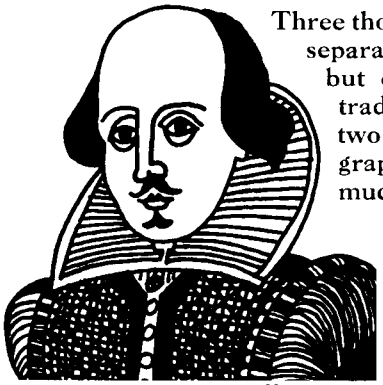

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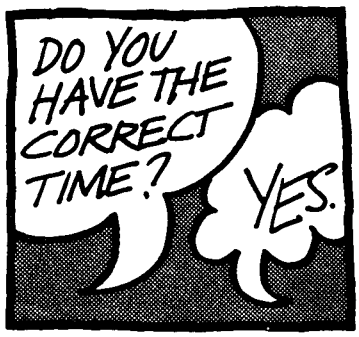

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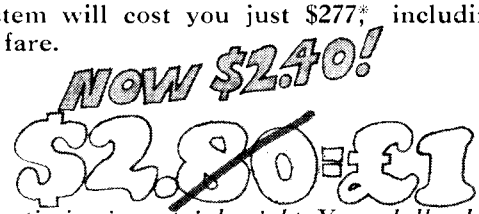

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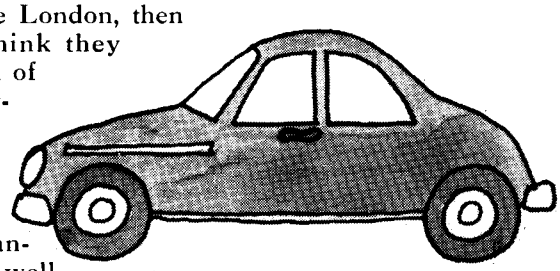

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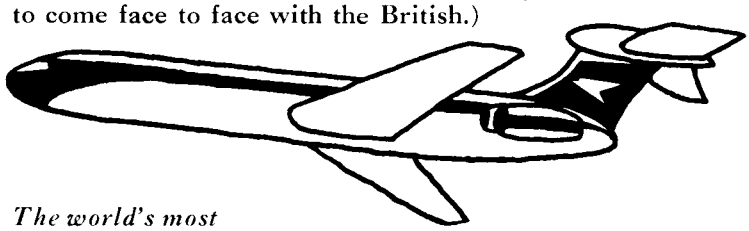

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